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427 years ago Ferdinand Magellan, Portuguese adventurer and explorer, commanded the first fleet to sail out of the storm-swept South Atlantic into the blue waters of the Pacific. Magellan pioneered a new route to the East . . . discovered many islands and proved that the globe could be circumnavigated by sea. Due to the pioneering spirit of this great explorer, access was gained to the riches of the Pacific, the bounteous products of the islands found their way to European markets and Western goods flowed into the market places of Oceania. * * * But the growth of European-Pacific trade was tardy because the route was long and shipping services slow. * * * Australian National Airways, inspired with the spirit displayed by

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WING YOUR WAY WITH

The GINGER-BREAD MAN

RONNIE MAIN'S love life was a saga of backpedalling. From the time when he first crowed "bye-bye," his life was one long effort to get away from women who wanted to Mother him, Uplift him, Reform him, Inspire him, and of course Marry him. Before he had time to feel anything but a mild interest in a girl, she had already made up her mind that he Needed her. Sadly enough, Ronnie might have liked women if they had given him half a chance.

Ronnie was not a lady-killer to the naked eye. He was lanky and undeniably plain, so that every woman he met thought she was unique in discovering his charm. Therein lay his deadly danger.

It awaited him at every turn. Hostesses pursued him relentlessly. Men in his unit were always trying to drag him home to meet their sisters. The pressure was terrific. Yet never in all his perilous twenty-eight years had Ronnie become engaged until now.

He stood on the pavement, a forlorn figure despite his spruce captain's uniform, looking into the unhelpful face of a large block of flats, wondering how it had ever happened and how he was going to backpedal this time without running over somebody's feelings. He was acutely miserable at the prospect of inflicting pain on a girl who had done nothing to deserve it beyond accepting his proposal. For he had proposed. There was no doubt about that.

He would never forget how lonely he had been the day he had sent the wire to Joyce Dealman reading, "Wilt thou be mine reply prepaid." The fact that she had accepted prepaid just made it all the worse.

It was a foolish impulse that he spent many weeks regretting. He realised that he would have to backpedal again, with more finesse than ever before. It took all the shine off the prospect of his leave.

And now the dreaded hour had come. He drew a deep breath, walked with a firm step into the building, and found the name on the board, "Miss J. Dealman."

He stepped into the lift. When it delivered him, he still hadn't the faintest idea of how he was going to extricate himself from Joyce. He quivered at the thought that she might rush at him and throw her arms round him. She would have every right, after that telegram. And if she did, it would be pretty hard to tell her right away that it was all off.

Blanking his mind as much as possible, he pressed the bell.

The door opened on a young woman who was about his age and a head shorter. She had a gleaming crop of hair, and cool green eyes. "She's certainly lovely," he thought. "No wonder she stayed in my mind."

"Hello, Ronnie," she said. "Come in." She did not throw her arms round him. Check one up for his side.

Instead, she turned a shoulder of her glamorous house gown to him and led him into the living-room.

A table was set with a white cloth and silver and crystal. Ronnie's heels twitched to change places with his toes. This was Setup No. 1, he knew from old experience. This was "See-how-domestic-I-am, how-comfortable-I-can-make-you."

Better tell her right off, he thought, before the spell had a chance to work. "Joyce—" he said.

"Do sit down," she said quickly. He found himself pressed into an

WYNNE W
DEVISES

"She's certainly lovely," he thought. "No wonder she stayed in my mind."

easy chair and at once he felt the strong jaws of the trap tightening on him. His hands gripped the arms of the chair.

"Joyce, there's something—" "Ronnie." She sat down opposite him. "Forgive me, Ronnie. Before you say anything, there's something I have to tell you."

He still gripped the chair arms, on guard, suspicious. Every one of the numerous devices that determined females had ever employed to outwit him flashed through his mind. "What?" he said carefully.

She looked at the floor. "I'm afraid I've done an unforgivable thing to you, Ronnie. I haven't the slightest intention of marrying you. You see, I—I'm married."

He just looked at her, trying to grasp it.

He waited for the enormous relief he was sure should be flooding him. Instead, he realised with surprise he was more than a little bit angry.

By **ELIZABETH WYE**

Suppose he had really been in love with this girl? Suppose he had come here with a trip-hammer heart and a blue-white diamond? He looked at the table, the velvet hostess gown. So it hadn't been for him, after all. His mouth turned up with self-derision.

"Were you married all the time, then?" he said at last.

Her eyes widened. "Oh, no. Just a short time ago. Just before my husband went away."

"I see." He could think of nothing else to say.

"Believe me, Ronnie. Nobody could hate me more than I hate myself for doing this to you."

He managed a tight grin. "Cheer up. I don't hate you." He rose uncertainly.

"Just between you and me," she said, mischief flickering across her face, "you don't care a bit, do you?"

Ronnie couldn't restrain a slow smile. "Not fair. A man must keep his mystery."

"But you really didn't intend to go through with it, did you?"

"Are you sure you don't want a slice of noble renunciation?"

"No, just the truth."

"Well, I did have my doubts. But how did you know?"

"I have a divining-rod. It tells me when my so-called fiancé doesn't write me a single letter." Then suddenly she was laughing. Ronnie found himself laughing, too. "The mortgage is lifted," she said. "You're free and clear." She handed him his cap.

Yes, he was free and clear. But it didn't seem sporting of her to have dangled this nice set-up, this tempting table before him, and then deny them to him. He tried to look like Old Mother Hubbard's dog. "I suppose you're expecting someone else to dinner, then?"

With a slight start of surprise she glanced at the table as if it had been put out by elves. "Oh, that, I always set a place for my husband. If he should walk in to-day, to-morrow, the next day, he would find everything waiting for him."

Sounded pretty good, Ronnie thought a little enviously. He twirled his cap. He was conscious of an insane desire to prolong the visit.

"What's your husband's name?"

She hesitated a moment. "Bill."

"What's he like?"

"Oh, short and round and jolly. Refreshingly normal. But heavens, you don't want to hear me rave about him."

"Well—" Ronnie went to the door. Joyce was holding it open. She certainly was in a hurry to get rid of him. "I suppose," he said, casting one last lingering look at the table, "that Bill would disapprove of your doing war work for starving soldiers?"

"I don't know."

Only a blind woman could fail to see that he was hungry, he told himself resentfully. Would it hurt this cool, self-sufficient creature to offer him a little nourishment? "Is it too late to ask you out to dinner?" he said broadly.

"I'm afraid it is." There was nothing else to do but go. And then, unbelievably, he heard her say,

"You wouldn't care to take potluck with me?"

Ronnie wheeled and tossed her his cap. This time when he sat down in the easy chair he stretched his long legs, let back his head, and relaxed. No need to be on edge now, to guard his tongue. This was good. He said with a grin, "How did you come to send your wire?"

She looked at him sideways. "How did you come to send yours?"

"Ah," he said. "Ah. It's a long

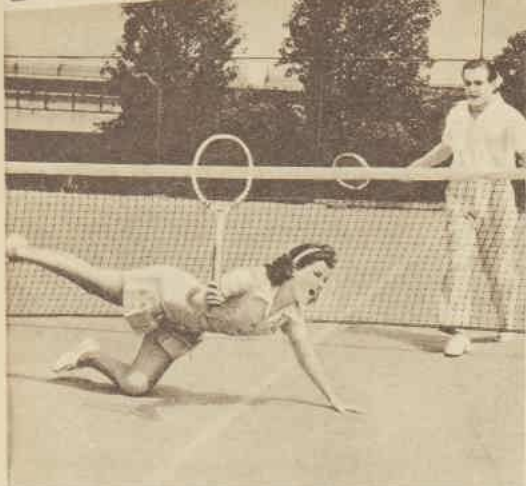
story." He had a sudden urge to confide in her, to tell her all. But she was doing enough by taking him in without listening to his troubles.

He became aware of her voice saying, "How did we happen to meet in the first place? It slips my mind."

It had slipped his mind, too, but he was a little bit piqued that she hadn't remembered. That was a woman's job. "Wasn't it at a wedding reception?" he asked.

Please turn to page 4

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The Ginger-bread Man

Continued from page 3

JOYCE nodded. "Yes, you were encircled by women and in your magnificent rearward action you stepped on my toe. And, of course, I remember the times we went out together. There were three of them, weren't there?"

"Four," said Ronnie, a trifle hurt. He rose to help her put the food on the table, and they sat down to dinner. For potluck it was a much better meal than he might have expected, and Ronnie found himself eating heartily. After he had helped her to wash up, and they were sitting companionably together in the lounge, a haunting sadness crept over Ronnie. "Look," he said. "This chap Bill wouldn't be stuffy enough to object to your taking in a homeless soldier now and then?"

"Of course he's not stuffy, but he'd hardly like competition."

"Aren't you going to see any men until he comes back?"

"I see lots of men. I have my work. Bill appreciates the fact that it's absolutely necessary for my patients to transfer their fixations to me, you know. My work's all to do with psychology. I took my degree in it."

Ronnie picked up his ears. He had forgotten all about Joyce's psychology work. A tiny spring of hope was beginning to bubble. "Patients? Couldn't you fit me into that category?" he asked.

Her green eyes appraised him. "You interest me. From a purely professional point of view, of course. It wouldn't surprise me if you had a complex or two."

"I'm all laced up in complexes," said Ronnie eagerly. "How long would it take to be psychoanalysed?"

She looked undecided. "It's too short a time—but I might be able to give you a little help."

"Or maybe comic relief," said Ronnie. "What do I do about these complexes? For instance," he admitted. "I have to confess to an urge to run away from—well—most women."

"H'm—that sounds a little like an escape complex. We'll have to examine your problem before we find a solution. We'll have to go back to your childhood." Her head fell against the chair, her hair a shining path against the gold upholstery.

She said dreamily. "It reminds me of something. Oh, I know. Once upon a time a little old woman baked a Gingerbread Man for a little old man and put it on the window-sill to cool. But the Gingerbread Man decided to run away. Run, run as fast as you can. You can't catch me, I'm the Gingerbread Man. That's it! You're the Gingerbread Man. And women keep running after you because you're good enough to eat."

Ronnie felt a fiery blush soar straight to the roots of his hair. "You didn't have that reaction," he reminded her.

"We'll have to keep personalities out of this," she said coolly. "Unless you'd rather drop the whole thing right now?"

"No," Ronnie said. "Go ahead and stick some more pins in me. See if I care."

"Well, now"—she curled up in her chair again—"perhaps we'd better have your childhood. Your parents... I ran away from the little old woman, and the little old man, and I can run away from you, I can, I can... Or wasn't it that way at all?"

"By golly," Ronnie looked at her with dawning respect. "My parents were little old people, and I did run away from them. In a way."

"Tell me about it," said Joyce softly.

He forgot that this was just a game. He began to pour out things he had never poured out to anyone.

"I was an only child and they were old when I was born. I loved them, but they just smothered me. My mother wrapped me in mufflers and kept me on a diet of cough medicine. My father wouldn't let me play football. They picked my job. But when they picked out a wife for me, too, I finally ran. I went and took a job in the country."

"Your first escape," Joyce murmured. "Did you go back home eventually?"

"Yes, I went back. But I never felt tied again." He added a little wistfully. "I was fond of them, but sometimes I longed for a different kind of family. A big family where the parents were too busy to smother the children. Did you have a big family?"

"Yes. Still have."

"Was it fun?"

"Great fun. A family of individualists. Everyone was allowed to go his own way."

An overwhelming desire seized Ronnie to see this family in action, to join, for even a short time, in their casual fun.

He gave her a shy smile. "You couldn't drag me along sometime, I suppose? It would be too much work for your mother."

Joyce laughed lightly. "She wouldn't even know the difference. But"—she looked at him shrewdly—"I can't imagine why you'd be interested."

"I am interested. Cross my heart."

"Sometime then, perhaps." Her glance went to the clock. Ronnie rose in a hurry.

"May I come again, to-morrow?" he asked.

"To-morrow," she said. "But if you can't make it, don't worry."

He was there on the dot of six. His morning had been spent browsing in the children's section of a bookstore, where he had triumphantly fallen upon a copy of *The Gingerbread Man*. He saw now that the Gingerbread Man had not only escaped from the old woman and old man, but from an assortment of animals who also had a craving for gingerbread.

His study of the story had given him a preview of the evening's programme, and he knew that the big white rabbit was next on the list. All day he had cast round in his memory for someone to play the part of a big white rabbit and had come up with Louise.

OVER their coffee, Joyce said to him, "And now the Gingerbread Man runs through a field of clover containing a big white rabbit. Stop, stop, says the rabbit. Can you place that?"

"Her name was Louise," he said promptly. "She was pale, with pale blonde hair."

"What was the matter?"

"Her mother and father. The first time I set foot in the door I felt that I was already pasted in the family album. Louise never opened her mouth. She couldn't make a decision of her own. I couldn't help thinking that I'd never be able to go out by myself some night. And I knew she would never do anything independently."

"Um-m-m. So you want a wife who can go out without you, and you want to do the same."

"Once in a while, at least." He grinned.

She picked up the coffee cups and went into the kitchen. She was back in an instant, looking at the watch on her wrist. "Our session to-night is about over," she said. "As a matter of fact, I have to go out."

"You do?" It was absurd how disappointed he suddenly felt. Empty.

She smiled. "You're perfectly welcome to stay here if you like. Don't bother about the washing up."

Before he knew it the door had clicked softly, and he was alone.

In a rush of martyrdom he strode into the kitchen and washed and dried all the dishes.

But when he was through at last loneliness plucked his heartstrings. Suddenly he was filled with fright. They hadn't made any arrangement for the next night. He paced the floor while the clock malignantly stood still. Finally he left to spend a wretched night. The first thing in the morning he telephoned, but there was no answer.

There was nothing to do but show up at the usual time and hope for the best. He almost couldn't believe it when he found her home.

"I take it you're absolutely all agog to hear about my adventures with the gentle brown cow," he said.

She smiled at him. "I got away from the little old man and

the little old woman, and the big white rabbit, and the gentle brown cow. Yes, the gentle brown cow is in order. Was her name Bessie?"

"Bessie." After dinner he told her about it. "Placid and bovine," he concluded.

"The maternal type," she said.

"Everything in its place, including the husband. She was so efficient she would never have needed me for anything but a pet. A man likes to think he's a little bit important in the scheme of things, you know."

"And a man is important," Joyce said quietly. "You've no idea how helpless I am without one. Not only in the big things, but in the little things as well." She laughed deprecatingly, and he was aware of a sudden warm elation. But her next words quickly and horribly dispelled it.

"And now—the little bear cub," she said.

The little bear cub! He had been saving that for the next night. They were almost at the end of the story, and now she was rushing it even more. A cold crust of ice began to form round his heart. Suddenly he didn't care about the little bear cub, or any of the rest of it.

"Didn't you run away from the little bear cub, too?" she protested.

Margie could be the little bear cub, he said reluctantly.

He couldn't seem to keep his mind on it at all. All he could think of was the warm curve of Joyce's lips, the smile in her eyes.

"Aren't you interested," she was saying, "to hear my solution?"

"Already?" he cried in dismay. Well, perhaps it was better this way, he told himself. If it was going to end, it might as well end now. No use holding back the tide, fighting the inevitable. "All right, then."

"You won't break the habit formation of escape until you've met the fox. Remember the end of the story?"

He knew it word for word. "The Gingerbread Man comes to a stream."

"Yes," she said with appropriate gravity. "And along comes a fox who graciously offers to take him across. 'Jump on my tail,' says the fox. Then the water gets deeper. 'Jump on my back. Jump on my head. Jump on my nose—'"

"Then snap, snap, gobble—"

"Yes." Her hands were clasped tightly in her lap. She looked down at them. He looked, too.

"Where's your wedding ring, Joyce?" he asked.

"On a chain round my neck," she said promptly. "So you see, unless you carry the pattern to its logical conclusion, you may develop a severe psychosis. The sooner you find the right girl—"

"It's too late," he broke in. "I did meet the right girl, but I was running so fast I let her get away."

"Oh, that's too bad," said Joyce softly. "That is too bad. Are you very sure?"

"Sadly enough, I couldn't be surer of anything."

"The world is full of girls," she said.

"Not girls like you." He couldn't help himself. "Joyce, this Bill—it couldn't possibly have been a ghoulish mistake, could it?"

He sat on the arm of her chair and gripped her shoulders. "Tell me."

She turned her head away. He couldn't see her face. "You're a very interesting case," she murmured.

"Suppose I wasn't married? Suppose there was no Bill? Wouldn't that old debbie flight seize you once more?"

Prayerfully his finger went to her neck, explored it, cried it. There was no chain there. No chain at all. "Joyce—don't play games with me any more."

She looked directly into his eyes. "No, I'm not married," she said.

"That was all he needed to hear. He kissed her quickly. Then he drew away. He gave the old panic a chance to seize him. And there was nothing. Nothing but complete and utter happiness. He looked into her eyes. They were demure eyes—green eyes—green!"

"Now I know you," he cried. "Why, you're the fox, you vixen!"

(Copyright)



Larry waved from the car, recognising Rita but not her companion.

I WRITE OF MURDER

By . . .

MARY RICHART

LOOKING back, I don't know why I never thought of falling in love with Larry Moore, or he with me, until he came back from overseas and we got mixed up in a murder case—the affair of Mrs. Thorndyke's elder daughter, Rita.

I've worked for Mrs. Thorndyke since I left High School. I'm sort of half maid, half secretary.

We live in the Thorndyke Gardens, the real show place of the town. There are just two houses in the Gardens, ours and Juanita Benner's. Juanita is Mrs. Thorndyke's younger daughter. The gatehouse is near the bridge, and Juanita went there to live when she married Mr. Benner. It was in August when Larry came home from overseas to burst the bombshell he'd been holding figuratively speaking, for two years.

I'll have to go back to the beginning for a moment, and that was when Rita Thorndyke Hawkins was killed, two years ago, on Hatton Road. Her grey roadster was smashed against a tree at the foot of the hill. The coroner's verdict was accidental death. That big house up six blocks from the bridge on Kippa Street is where she lived. Her little son Donny and her husband, who has married again, still live there.

This, too, in spite of old Mrs. Thorndyke. When Rita died old Mrs. Thorndyke took little Donny to her house and held on to him until the second Mrs. Hawkins walked in one day unannounced, seized Donny, and ran.

Still, the real beginning of this story may not be Rita's death on Hatton Hill, or even Rita. It might begin with Juanita herself, where I passed her in the Gardens one morning. She was walking along the dogwood path, her eyes staring straight ahead, not crying, her face not moving, so terrible looking that I said, "Is anything the matter, Mrs. Benner?"

Juanita's lips moved, but all I heard as she passed me was my name, "Elva."

I turned and looked after her, then went on through the iron gate, for the Thorndykes are full of emotion and hate and suffering, and you learn to take their moods for granted. Juanita was enough like Rita to be her twin, except that something had happened in her childhood to leave a bad scar on one cheek.

As I said, when I passed Juanita I was on my way to the library to get books for Mrs. Thorndyke. Larry Moore was waiting for me when I came out of the library. He had come home two days before. He had telephoned, he said, and the butler told him where I was. He wanted to talk to me about Rita's death.

There's a park across from the library, with a few benches. We sat down and asked each other how

things went, and I asked Larry if he'd ever run across Rita's cousin, Barry, who was now listed as missing in action, and then he told me he didn't believe Rita's death was an accident.

"Go on," I said, looking round to see if anybody was near, in case Larry had lost his mind. He didn't look crazy. He looked handsome and beautiful, and I wondered why I hadn't seen it in those years we lived next door to each other.

Well, he'd been coming over from a farewell party at his aunt's in Trowbridge the afternoon the thing happened, he said. On his way to take a plane at seven o'clock, and, being late, he took the short cut through Hatton Wood. In the wood he saw Rita. Her grey car and a blue one were parked side by side on the narrow road, and up in the wood a little way was Rita. He had to slow down to get round the cars. He honked, being exasperated, and Rita turned and waved. There was a man there, too, but he had his back turned, so Larry couldn't recognise him.

"There was a dog frisking about, too," Larry said. He hadn't thought about it at the time, he said, so didn't know whether it was Rita's dog or not. By morning he was en route to England and forgot the whole incident until he received the

newspaper clipping his aunt sent weeks afterward.

Then he realised nothing was said about the man who had been with Rita. Almost at the moment she was killed, he said. He'd figured the time out to the minute. And the spot where he saw her was only a stone's throw from where her car slithered down the hill.

I said, "But you're not being plausible, Larry. Rita's car was smashed against a tree. Her neck was broken." I began to get sick inside (I always do), but I said, "Suppose a man was with her? He had to think of the scandal, you know. Anyhow, nobody could have taken that accident."

Larry didn't answer me, then he said, "That man could have done it. Another fellow and I used to lie awake in Normandy, figuring it out. It helped pass time."

After that I sat there shivering while I listened to Larry make out his case for murder. Suppose the fellow socked her too hard, placed her body in the driver's seat, started the car from the running board, and jumped off? Wouldn't it pitch downhill and smash? You bet your life it would, he said.

Anyhow, he said, the police were interested.

They had Mr. Anthony Hawkins at the station questioning him. That didn't necessarily mean anything, Larry said, for naturally Rita's husband would be the first one they would call in. Larry said Sergeant O'Nara had always thought there was something queer about the position of the body. Some bruises on

the back of the head, and on the chin, bothered O'Nara, too.

Sitting there, I began thinking of Rita. Rita alive . . . how beautiful and fascinating and rotten she was . . . I could hear her . . .

"Positively, I loathe that house on Kippa Street! I really loathe everybody. My diary is full of loathing. You're in it, too, mother. And you, Juanita . . ."

"Heavens," I said out loud, suddenly remembering that she had hated Mr. Hawkins, too. "Larry, has Mr. Hawkins an alibi?"

Larry's tart answer sent chills curling down my spine. Anthony Hawkins' alibi, Larry said, was as full of holes as a sieve. Mr. Hawkins said he hadn't gone to his office in the city that day. Painting was a hobby with him. He spent that afternoon painting those three birches at the bend of the creek. It was no good at all as an alibi, Larry said. Unless they could find a witness.

It was Larry's notion that I go back to the police station with him.

When Sergeant O'Nara saw us through the doorway, he motioned for us to come in. Mr. Hawkins seemed composed and not at all surprised or embarrassed to see me.

"I'm glad you're here, Elva," he said in his cold voice. "Sergeant O'Nara has asked me a question which you may be able to answer better than I."

I had no idea he meant about himself, I thought the question would have something to do with my living with the Thorndykes. And while I was thinking, I could see Rita as I saw her that last time. She had come alone to her mother's to dinner, and she was dressed as if she were going to Buckingham Palace.

Please turn to page 10



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SPRING MEETING

He came suddenly into her life, bringing new and unexpected joy.

WHEN Miss Enid Darlington first saw the airman standing outside Brown's bakery she had no intention of speaking to him. She was hurrying along to the post-office to post her letters, after which she went into the store to see if there was any fresh cheese in.

She was in the store some little time and when she came out the airman was still standing there—standing quite alone, at the pavement's edge, gazing idly up the village street.

Miss Darlington noticed then that he was an Australian airman, and she wondered what in the world he was doing there. The street was so empty, so sleepily quiet in the mid-afternoon sunshine. Nothing to interest a smart young airman, she was sure, or promise any kind of entertainment.

Without quite knowing why, her pace slackened and she stopped outside Mrs. Hawkins' baby clothes shop and pretended to be looking at the booties in the window, but out of the corner of her eye she was studying the lonely figure.

He was tall and thin, very young—not more than a twenty-two—easily young enough to be her son. If she had ever had a son. The long-buried subconscious wish stirred at the thought. And what a nice face he had! So fresh-looking, with rough, fair hair and grey eyes.

She glanced again over her shoulder. Why was he standing there all this time? Gazing up the street in that desultory way, as though he had nothing to do, nowhere to go.

Oh, dear! Perhaps he had nowhere to go! Perhaps he was lonely, homesick—all these thousands of miles away from home; from some small Australian township, perhaps, and friends and family.

The idea troubled Miss Darlington and kept her standing there gazing from the shop window to the boy's face, unable to abandon him and set off for her own comfortable home, her own delicious little tea in the warm, walled garden—quite a brewer tea to-day, too, with the cake Kate had made and sandwiches of the cress that David Massey had brought in this morning.

David was always so good to her with trifles like that from his garden.

She fidgeted, snapping the clasp of her bag and patting the wispy puff of hair over her ear as she always did when nervous or upset. How could she go up and speak to this strange young man?

Her agitation seemed to set her

reflection in the shop window wavering—the reflection of a small, thin country lady of uncertain age in a grey knitted suit, good, hand-made blouse, and grey pull-on felt hat.

Then it seemed as though her back straightened a shade, a slightly warmer color rose under her delicate skin, and she crossed the pavement.

The young man, brought back from his trance, heard the crisp voice at his elbow:

"Excuse me . . ."

He turned, threw away his cigarette, and saluted.

"Excuse me, but . . . are you waiting for someone?"

Hyacinth-blue eyes in a face now almost youthfully flushed were looking up into his.

He shook his head. "Why, no, I'm not waiting for anyone. I got off a Green bus here and just thought I'd take a look round. It looked sort of pretty and old-world."

Her color deepened with pleasure. "Well, of course I think so, but then you see I've always lived here—near here, I mean."

"Yes, you get fond of a place when you've always lived in it," he said simply. "I came from a small town myself, but it seems very important to me."

His smile, broad and friendly, helped her along. She said eagerly: "I'm sure it does. That's just the way I feel about Abbot's Lane Cross."

Though as a matter of fact there are several things here that people come quite a long way to see.

"Is that so?"

"Oh, yes. The church, for instance. In the crypt there are relics of the tombs of Saxon kings, and we have a very fine Norman font."

The conversation hung for a moment as they stood there, past and present facing each other in the mellow, ancient street. Then once again her back straightened a shade and she blinked rapidly.

"If you haven't any other engagement for this afternoon," she began, and paused, a little breathless.

"Me? No, I haven't got any engagement," he said.

"Then perhaps you'd drive home with me and have some tea if you'd care to? But I'd better introduce myself, hadn't I? My name's Enid Darlington."

"That's very kind of you. Mine's Ted Clements. I'd like to, very much."

The name struck no chord in Miss Darlington: it had no familiar ring.

She said: "Good. That's splendid. We'll get along, then. I'd just finished my shopping and was starting for home." Together they walked towards the green, her shopping-bag on his arm.

Although the street seemed com-



She gazed thoughtfully at the portraits, unaware of Ted watching her from the door.

pletely empty, everyone saw them pass along. For through almost as many centuries as the church had stood dreaming among its yews and crumbling tombstones, the doings of the Darlings had been of note to the inhabitants of Abbot's Lane Cross. And this couldn't be altered by the mere fact that Miss Enid—the last of them—was no longer well off but lived at the manor with most of the rooms shut up and only one old servant.

So Mavis Green, marcelling the doctor's wife's hair, observed: "There goes Miss Darlington with such a nice-looking young Australian airman."

Miss Black at the post-office said as she handed stamps to Miss Foster from the school: "That Australian who got off the bus was a friend of Miss Darlington's evidently; they've just passed together." And at the Rectory Mrs. Stokes murmured to

her husband, who was writing his sermon in the summer-house: "Enid Darlington's taking home a guest—an Australian serviceman."

Miss Darlington and her guest set off in the governess cart between the low hedges of briar and Hawthorn enclosing small crops palely green.

The spring had come suddenly, triumphantly—primroses and crab apple thrusting eagerly forth, thatched barns and oast houses, the green symmetry of hop fields. Over everything were neatness and settled quiet, the tenaciously held island peace.

Kate had laid tea in the garden, and they went straight through to the shelter of the south wall, leaving behind them the dim rooms so full of family treasures that they seemed

alive: cabinets of crested china, Boule tables and Chippendale chairs, dim portraits and ivory miniatures—the cream of past generations preserved in a proudly reverent present.

It sometimes happens that two opposites—distant in age, country and background—may achieve by some miracle of inner sameness a curiously unexpected friendship. This happened with Miss Darlington and her new-found friend. There was something about him—she couldn't tell what—something of frankness and casualness that seemed to relax a tight cord inside herself and draw her into a swifter, more youthful current of feeling from which, like a timid swimmer, she had pulled aside.

Please turn to page 23



"SLIGHT" OF HAND



IT'S JIM HE FRIENDS WERE QUICK TO CHOOSE EVERY TIME THEY BLEW A FUSE



BUT THOUGH AT CARD GAMES HE EXCELLED INVITATIONS WERE WITH-HOLD



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Brief Heaven

By
**ROSE
FRANKEN**

DAVID put the electric iron down on the kitchen table.

"I can't do this," he said. "It'll need a new cord."

"Oh, no, it can't," Claudia protested in dismay.

"And why can't it?" he wanted to know in a fairly nasty way.

"Because I must iron a shirt for Bobby for school. He hasn't a clean shirt to his name."

"Bobby's shirt notwithstanding, it will need a new cord," he repeated, in a tone which implied that she had used the cord as a skipping-rope, or similarly abused it. It always made her blood boil when he assumed that holier-than-thou attitude to anything that was electrical, and her impulse was to tell him to shut up, even though he hadn't said anything.

There was no doubt that they were getting edgy with each other, and making a valiant effort not to show it. David wore his honorable discharge from the Army like a bruise that hurt at every turn. There had been a time in David's youth when he'd wanted to build cathedrals, but what chance was there now when even desperately needed houses couldn't be built. "Never mind," Claudia told him cheerfully. "The day will come when the world will want cathedrals again."

For the moment they were practically existing on Nancy Riddle's new dairy. It was ironic, Claudia remembered, how when they'd first come to Eastbrook to live David had turned down the offer to build Nancy's terraced mansion. He wasn't that kind of architect—no, thank you very much, he'd said. Now he said thank you without the "No." Nancy was quite mad, with thousands to spend on a hobby.

"She doesn't know a thing about farming," David chafed, "and her balliff is a jackass."

"Perhaps we could get the job," said Claudia.

"More truth than poetry," David agreed, with a short laugh. "At least we'd have five pounds a week, free and clear."

She could have bitten her tongue out after she'd said it. It was hard to know what to say these days. The thought had often visited her that she and David would become mental casualties of the war, that they could not wrest their marriage from the hazards of readjustment. It was an ever-increasing strain to handle the new small antagonisms that kept popping up from nowhere to tear at the delicate fabric of their love for each other.

People who loved

each other were the most apt to hurt each other. Even this morning, as he tried to mend the iron for her, his annoyance was an unspoken protest against the fact that she had to use the iron at all. He hated to see her make beds and wash up and cook.

"It's going to be worse now the war is over," David prophesied darkly. "Thousands of us with no jobs."

"You've got a job," said Claudia. "Milking ten cows and a thousand chickens is a job."

"Rather," said David dryly.

"Don't be silly. You know what I mean," said Claudia.

"There's new building—"

"Suburban houses," said David.

"Cathedrals," she insisted stubbornly, with more faith than hope.

This morning he was in a hurry to get off. Bobby came downstairs as he was gulping down a second cup of tea. Bobby wore baggy corduroy shorts, which made him look as if he were going to jump, and no shirt. His shoulder-blades gave the impression that he was excessively undernourished, and the way he did his hair added to the illusion. He was training it backwards, and had taken to oiling it richly, but little spikes of it always stood up stiffly here and there.

"You look pretty," David mentioned sourly.

"I'm waiting for my clean shirt," said Bobby.

"Iron's busted. You must wear the one you wore yesterday," Claudia explained briefly.

He looked stricken.

"I can't. I put it in the wash. It was dirty."

"Then wear your brown woolly. It looks clean, even if it isn't."

"But I'll roast. I'll smother! I can't stand it!"

"We wore wool in the jungle to keep us cool," David informed him.

"Go on up and put it on, and don't argue."

Bobby held out against the indignity of brown wool.

"I can't wear my brown shirt. It itches," he protested.

"Let it itch," said David callously. "Now march, and do as Mother says."

"Why did the iron break?"

"That's what I'd like to know," said David.

Claudia could feel her nerves crack under the implication.

"Where's Matthew?"

"Where's Matthew?" she asked quietly, feeling like a saint.

"That's fine," said Claudia. "Next time put your shoes on the right feet."

Bobby and Matthew exchanged baffled glances. It was one of those days that started out with no good to anyone, including the lambs.

"The bus is here!" Bobby exclaimed, with relief. "Good-bye." He dropped a kiss just short of his mother's ear. "Be home when I get home?"

"Where am I usually?" Claudia inquired, a trifle raucously.

A faint grin tagged at Bobby's lips. Home was where he liked her to be. It was the way he liked to leave things when he went off to school.

The funny part of it was that she wasn't at home when he got back from school that afternoon.

The toothache began just as she had finished wiping up the bathroom with a towel. With no warning, it darted through her head like a violent slap on the cheek. Startled, she cradled her jaw with the palm of her hand.

"I won't do it again," she offered up guiltily, to an unseen vengeance. "I'll use a mop. I'll use a scrub-

bing-brush," she amended hastily, as the pain increased in fury.

She hadn't had toothache for years, she'd never known that she had teeth, and now all at once she knew that each one of them was inhabited by a devil with a red pitchfork, jabbing pain into her.

A car swept up the front. David was back from Nancy's. She went downstairs to meet him.

"What's the matter?" he asked at once.

"Toothache," she said thickly.

"Rut badly?"

She nodded mutely.

"Were you eating anything?"

She shook her head. "I was wiping up the bathroom floor with one of the towels."

"That probably did it," he said. "Open."

She opened, and pointed, with a wet gulp, to the region of her lower jaw. He couldn't see anything, but it was a friendly gesture, none the less.

"Better go in to the dentist. If you hurry you'll catch the eleven-ten. I'll take you down to the station."

"But what about Matthew and lunch?"

"I'll look after Matthew and the lunch."

"Your mind'll be on the lambs' tails," she worried.

"They'll come off to-morrow."

Matthew was delighted with the sudden interesting turn that the day had taken. He felt that he had stolen a march on Bobby, and his flattery of David was a subtle and beautiful thing to behold.

Hand in hand, they stood together on the station platform, waving to Claudia as the train slipped past them. She couldn't remember the time when it hadn't been she who'd stood on the platform waving to David. Foolishly, a lump came into her throat. There was such a lonely, deserted look about them as the train left them behind.

She wished it were time to come home again. She wished she hadn't got this ghastly toothache. She wished that life were not suddenly quite so complicated, so full of small, frightening undercurrents beneath the smooth, un-

rippled surface of their quiet lives.



"I can't wear my brown shirt. It itches," Bobby protested.



David had telephoned to the dentist that she was coming, so she was taken at once into the inner sanctum. Mr. Martin hurried in, whistling a little. He pumped her up in the chair and bent over her, smelling cleanly of antiseptic. His eyes were blue and pleasantly impersonal.

"How's the country?" he asked, with an air of still whistling. Claudia didn't care how the country was.

"Hurts," she whispered. "Hurts terribly."

"It's that molar," he said immediately. "I warned you it was going to give us trouble if we didn't attend to it."

She relaxed. It was one of life's small securities to have a dentist who was intimately acquainted with your mouth.

"All right," he said brusquely. "Let's begin, Mrs. McNaughton."

In a little while the pain was gone, and so was her jaw and half her lip. She felt enormous and silly on one side of her face. Mr. Martin kept jabbing her with a sharp instrument, and she was affronted because she could feel nothing.

"Now just relax," he said. She caught a glimpse of gleaming steel, and felt a hideous crushing sound.

"This is silly," she thought, in no great panic.

Mr. Martin said: "Spit out."

She spat out. He showed her the tooth. "It's gigantic," she said. "It

"What stage work have you done, darling?" Sam asked, surveying Claudia critically.

looks like a Shakespearian production I once saw."

"Well, you might feel a little like a Shakespearian production when the cocaine wears off," he said. He studied his appointment book. "You'll need to come again—a stopping. How about a fortnight from to-day?"

They arranged it, and the moment she left the house her eyes sought for the clear red of a phone box. Bobby's voice materialised eventually.

"Hullo! Hello! Who? Hullo!"

"Bobby," she exhorted him frantically. "It's Mother!"

"Who?"

"Mother!"

Indignation quickened him.

"Where are you? You weren't at home. Aren't you coming home?"

"Call Daddy. Be quick. I'm in a public call-box."

"He's in the dairy. Where are you?"

"Call Daddy. At once," she compelled him imperiously.

He said, "All right," reluctantly, and she could tell he wasn't running in the least.

"A man c'me to buy a heifer," David explained, when he finally got to the phone.

"And did he?"

"He's thinking about it. What was wrong with your tooth?"

"A big, bounding abscess," she

announced with pride. "It's out. But I have to go back in a fortnight."

He was properly impressed and solicitous.

"Better stay at Julia and Hartley's overnight," he advised, "and save yourself that long journey."

The idea had its allure, especially since a dull throb was creeping beneath the layers of numbness in her jaw.

"But can you really manage without me?" she demurred. "I don't think so."

"We've managed so far," he said. "And we'll appreciate you all the more when you get back."

There must have been something in what he said, because she hung up the receiver with a feeling that they had recaptured the romance of their honeymoon years. She hated the thought of being away from him all night, and the fact that she hated it was the best thing in the world that could happen to her.

She emerged from the box feeling lonely and alone. The thing to do was to go home, anyway, and telephone him from the station to meet her. It would be like a reunion after a long absence.

She went into the light to read her timetable. She wasn't very good at reading timetables, but at last she found the perfect train, leaving in twenty minutes and non-stop to

Eastbrook. But unoblingly it ran only on Sundays, at the bottom of the page. She said one of David's favorite words under her breath. It probably wasn't as much under her breath as she thought it was, for a voice at her shoulder said, "How refreshing!"

She jumped a mile high. "That's very silly to frighten anybody," she said sternly. "Oh, hullo!"

"Hullo!" he answered. "I wager you don't remember me."

She hadn't seen him for years, hadn't even thought of him, but it was just as if he'd walked past her house yesterday.

"Of course I do!" she said. "Jerry Seymour. You took the cottage down the road a few summers ago to finish a novel."

"Right," he said. "And you've got a brace of Great Danes and a cat."

"Also a brace of children and a husband," she added.

"I never remember things like that," said Jerry.

She observed his well-cut tweeds. "What are you doing?" she asked. He seemed surprised.

"Haven't you read the papers? I've written a play," he said. "Sam Goldheart's producing it. We go into rehearsal on Monday. Matter of fact, before I realised who you were, I said to myself, 'That's exactly the type I want for Cornelia.'"

She remembered that she had to find a train.

"Are you any good with timetables?" she suggested hopefully.

"I detest them," he said. "But I'm on my way stationwards, and I'll drop you there and you can ask."

"Thank you," said Claudia. "Who's Cornelia?"

"The girl in my play." And then he added gloomily: "I wish to goodness you could act. You're more like her every minute."

"Don't be silly," she said. "I can act. I was acting the summer we met. In a play called 'Ticket to Heaven.' At the Eastbrook Theatre. Don't you remember?"

"No," he said. "I don't remember things like that, either." He steered her across the pavement and called a taxi. "But I want Sam Goldheart to see you."

She hung back. "Why?"

"Just an idea I have," he said, looking quite excited. "Come along."

She continued to hang back.

"I haven't time. I've got a long journey to the country."

He boosted her into the taxi and spoke to the driver. She thought of Bobby's shirt that she had to iron, and a frying-pan she'd left to soak, and David's eyes that weren't happy, but Jerry Seymour would never understand the urgency that commanded her life.

"I've got a million things to do," she said. "And, besides, I don't want to meet Mr. Goldheart."

She might have been the wind blowing for all the attention he paid to her.

"How tall are you?" he demanded. "About five foot four?"

"I don't know in inches," she said, "but I'm about a head shorter than David, and he's six feet."

"That's just right," said Jerry, with growing enthusiasm. "How do you project?"

"David says I do it beautifully," she said.

He gave her a swift glance. "I can't stop the taxi," thought Claudia philosophically. "But I can make it awfully hard for him."

Mr. Goldheart's office nestled inconspicuously between two theatres. There was a typewritten sign in the small, unpleasant lobby: "No casting—Sam Goldheart."

Jerry rang the bell. After a long wait a lift came rumbling up from somewhere.

Jerry manoeuvred her in, the doors clanged to, there was a whirr, and the lift gulped its ropes and came to a halt. He propelled Claudia into a bare entry filled with people.

He shoved her along into a small smoke-filled room with two oak desks, each holding a pair of tweed legs. She followed the course of them and found faces at the other end—a fat, sleepy face, and a narrow, dark face.

"Hello, boys!" Jerry greeted them. They favored him with no recognition whatsoever.

"I've found a Cornelia!" he announced exuberantly.

"We've got a Cornelia," said the dark face.

"But she's not right," Jerry protested. "I want freshness and youth and—an unpredictable quality."

Claudia suddenly felt sorry for him. He was like a little rich boy trying to play with a gang of street boys.

The dark face finally moved its legs. "What's she done?"

"A little provincial work."

"Look, sonny boy, we're not running an amateur competition."

"But don't you understand, I must have a certain quality for Cornelia," Jerry insisted. "I want you to read her, Jim."

"Thank you, but I don't want to be read," said Claudia. "I didn't even want to come. I'm going home."

Abruptly the pair of legs swung off the table, and a voice said quickly, "Come back, sister!"

"Please don't call me sister," said Claudia.

"You see what I mean?" cried Jerry triumphantly. "You read her, and I'll tell Sam to see her before he leaves."

He whisked out of the room. Jim hoisted himself to his feet.

"What have you done on the stage, brother?" he asked.

She laughed, in spite of herself.

The sleepy face said: "She's got a good set of teeth. You could see 'em from the balcony."

Claudia wondered whether she ought to tell them that one of her teeth was newly missing, but doubtless what they didn't know wouldn't hurt them.

"I must be going," she said.

He thrust a script into her hand.

"Read a few lines. Where it says 'Cornelia.'"

The touch of the manuscript kindled a slumbering fire in Claudia's breast. Once again she was in dramatic school, hovering outside stage doors at matinee time.

"All right, start. Timothy says, 'Why are you in such a hurry—'"

"Because—" Claudia read.

A FEW minutes later, Jerry came to the door and announced excitedly, "Sam says he'll see her."

"I don't think I'd better," said Claudia.

"Don't be nervous," Jim said. "Just read as you did for me."

"I'm not nervous," said Claudia. "It's just that this is all a silly waste of time."

Jim put his hand underneath her elbow, and she found herself walking on down the passage to the next doorway. She had expected another little smoke-filled cubby-hole, but the room that lay hidden at the end of the narrow corridor was a vast, luxurious apartment.

"Hullo, hullo, hullo!" a voice boomed out behind an expanse of mahogany desk. The voice was attached to a large head that seemed to belong to a very big man, but when Sam Goldheart rose to his feet, his legs were noticeably short, and he wore pointed shoes.

"Not what I'd call pretty," Sam decided, looking at her from beneath brows that beetled. "But you have nice legs. How old are you, dear?"

"Twenty-five," said Claudia. "And what stage work have you done, darling?"

"A play called 'Ticket to Heaven,' at the Eastbrook Theatre. I played Betsy. The producer wanted me for London, but I didn't take it."

"Why didn't you?"

"I didn't want to."

"Want a job now, though, don't you?" he asked shrewdly.

"No."

His face got ready to burst. He shouted louder than she had expected that he would.

"Then why are you here, wasting my time?" he bellowed.

"I don't know," she said.

"Get out of here, the whole lot of you!" he shouted, banging on his desk. "Stop wasting my time. Send a couple of secretaries in. Why don't I get a little efficient attention? And close that door! Why can't I have some privacy?"

Please turn to page 29

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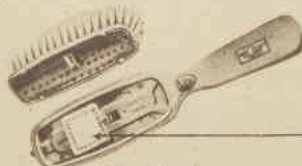
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PERFUME PAD

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HANDLEBACK NEVER SPOILT BY WATER

ABSOLUTE CLEANLINESS AT BRISTLE ROOTS

I write of murder

Continued from page 5

HER voice, strangled with anger, came vividly back to my mind: "Mother, positively, you wouldn't let Juanita marry Henri Benner, you positively wouldn't!" And old Mrs. Thorndyke saying, "Why not? He's a worm. But why shouldn't Juanita marry a worm? Wouldn't that be better than a man like Hawkins? Some day Anthony will twist that little neck of yours if you don't watch out, my dear."

Mr. Hawkins was talking to me. Did I remember hearing anyone say that day that he'd been painting by the creek? At the time of Rita's accident? I had never liked Mr. Hawkins very much. But I tried very hard to remember—I wanted to be fair to him—but I couldn't. "I'd have forgotten by now, anyway," I said feebly.

He turned back to Sergeant O'Nara. "I've answered your questions patiently, Sergeant. My first marriage wasn't a happy one, I had a blue car, I painted it black later—because it needed painting. That wasn't Rita's dog on the hill. I had Rita's dog with me that afternoon. The dog died afterward—as dogs will. Now may I go?"

Sergeant O'Nara didn't look happy. He said Peterson would have to go with Mr. Hawkins. The Chief would return on the 12.30 and would take over. But until then he had to be careful.

I got away then, and as I passed St. Jean's Church, Mr. Benner, who is the organist, came out. He looked sad and disturbed. "Oh, Elva, this rumor about Anthony cannot be true," he said. "I refuse to believe it! I couldn't do my practicing for thinking of it. The police are crazy!"

Since I'd left Larry at the police station I had been thinking of what Mr. Hawkins said of Rita's dog. I told Mr. Benner about it now—mightn't the dog be a clue?

We sat down on the church steps then and tried to think which of Rita's many admirers had possessed a dog at that time. "Elva," Mr. Benner half-whispered suddenly, "Rita's cousin . . . Barry Thorndyke . . . had a dog. A sort of dark-haired mongrel."

FOR a long moment, Mr. Benner and I stared at each other. "Rita hated Barry," Mr. Benner said. "But Juanita rather liked him. She cried when she heard he was missing in action. Do you remember his dog?"

Of course I remembered now. Barry's dog was like Rita's, too. Barry was forever bounding his aunt and cousin for money. His uncle's money, he said. He ought to have his share. Such quarrels!

Mr. Benner said, "If it comes to the worst, I'll tell the police about Barry. It would make Mrs. Thorndyke angry. Anything with her to save the Thorndyke pride! It may blow over, of course. But I'll tell the police if it doesn't."

I went home with my books as fast as my legs could carry me. I knew as soon as I saw Merton, the butler, that the news had reached the Gardens.

"It's all over town, Miss Elva," Merton said. "Somebody phoned her." Mrs. Thorndyke was always "her" or "she" to Merton. "She's got the don't-disturb sign on her door, Mr. Benner came, but she wouldn't see him. It's been terrible, Miss Elva."

I didn't dare go near Mrs. Thorndyke's room until she rang for me, so I ate my lunch, and was wondering miserably what to do when Larry telephoned. Well, the Chief had arrested Mr. Hawkins.

It turned out that the Chief never had been entirely satisfied in his own mind about the case either, Larry said. I just stood there, shaking a little in my knees. I couldn't say anything about Barry, or the dog over the phone, of course . . .

I turned on the telephone and saw old Mrs. Thorndyke, watching me with her hard, black eyes.

"I want you to drive me to that house on Kippis Street," she said. She hadn't been to that house since the trouble over Donny.

When we got there I helped her up the steps to the screen door.

"Don't eavesdrop," she said. "Go back and sit in the car. I'll call you when I'm ready."

She opened the door without knocking. She always told me not to listen, and I never had, but suddenly I was pressed back against the wall. . . . I could hear footsteps, then voices . . . the troubled soprano of the second Mrs. Hawkins and the brisk contralto of old Mrs. Thorndyke.

"I've come for Donny," Mrs. Thorndyke's voice was saying. "Get him."

"Donny?" I realised for the first time how sweet and kind the second Mrs. Hawkins was. "Oh, Anthony is innocent! He'll prove it. I'm sorry, but I can't possibly give you Donny."

"I accepted my daughter's death as an accident, but now I see it wasn't," Mrs. Thorndyke said. "I have a secret that will convict your husband in any court. I want my grandchild, and I will humble my pride to get him. Give him to me or I will tell the world that Donny is not your husband's child. He knows it. He discovered the truth—and killed his wife. As men think they have a right to do!"

I slapped my hand over my mouth. To keep my tongue still. Heaven knows Rita had been spoiled and mean, and frequently was the talk of the town. And Mr. Hawkins had been cold and distant. But I'd never dreamed of this. I went over and sat on the steps, and presently they came out. Mrs. Thorndyke and little Donny.

Back at home, Mrs. Thorndyke told me to go down to the gatehouse and tell Juanita to come to her at once. When I came near the gatehouse I could see Juanita peering through the curtains. She opened the door promptly when I rang. After I had delivered her mother's message, she said: "Did you hear on what evidence they arrested Anthony Hawkins?" I told her about the alibi. That it wouldn't hold water because nobody apparently had seen Mr. Hawkins painting the birches down by the creek.

She was young, but she looked tired and old, and the scar on her cheek stood out dead white. "I saw Anthony down by the creek. I'll go over to the police station and tell them," she said. . . . and as our eyes met, I knew she was lying. Then she said, "Donny was in the car as you went by—did mother have a hard time getting him? You probably heard what she said to Mrs. Hawkins?"

"Yes," I said stupidly. "Mother is wrong," she said. "Absolutely."

I brought the car down then. She asked me to. We drove over to River Street and at the police station she made out her affidavit. Then she asked me to drive to the house on Kippis Street.

She went in alone, of course. When she came out again Mrs. Hawkins followed joyfully.

"Oh, thank you, Mrs. Benner," she said. "How kind you are!" But Juanita scarcely glanced at the poor thing. She looked hard and mean and cruel again, like a Thorndyke.

"Don't send for Donny," she said harshly. "Let him have dinner with mother. One of us will bring him home later. You may be sure of that." She glanced at me. "Drive on," she said wearily, "drive on fast."

When we got back to the gatehouse she asked me to wait a moment. She had something very special she wanted me to do for her, she said.

I waited, and presently I saw her looking through the living-room curtains again. Then she came out hastily, and gave me a small package.

"I can't go to mother's until later," she said. "Hide this in your room and if I don't come for it by nine o'clock, give it to mother. I'll try to be there, of course. Tell her to read the page where the marker is—if I don't come."

Please turn to page 23



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Autumn Fashions from Films . . .

● Nut-brown outfit worn by Eleanor Parker (Warners). Woolen skirt topped by striped collarless tie jacket with tiny yoke. Upswept breton hat and gloves in matching shade.

● An informal slack-suit for autumn days is worn by Lynn Bari (Fox). Perfectly tailored in coral-red wool, slacks are topped with a navy wool jumper. White yoke is striped in coral and blue, and her sports-type shoes match the slacks.

● Heaven-blue wool frock with a draped bodice buttoned throat high gives Irene Dunne (Columbia) chance to wear wide tan leather belt gilt studded to match her sandals.

● For teen-agers, pretty Diana Lynn (Paramount) displays a simple shirtmaker frock of aqua-blue linen. For extra warmth sleeves are wrist length, with contrasting cuffs of purple and cyclamen to match the belt. Accessories are in tan and white.

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THE GRECIAN LINE

by day . . .
and night



● Paris lavishes hand work on full-skirted, full-sleeved dinner-gowns. MARCELLE ALIX suggests the Grecian trend in this exquisite white hand-gathered jersey model. Bishop sleeves contrast the tight bodice.



● From MARCELLE AUX comes this sophisticated black wool tunic frock, draped to the front with a black velvet belt. Deep-armholed sleeves tapering to tight cuffs are accented by hip fullness.



● Three diagonal bands of tightly plaited silver tissue catch the long Grecian lines of this beautiful white jersey evening-dress designed by HENRY LA PENSEE, of Paris. Wing draperies hang gracefully from the shoulders.

● French adaptation of long Grecian lines marks this softly feminine angora wool jersey frock from MARCELLE AUX. The clever draping of the bodice continues over the hips to form panels in the full skirt, and the belt fastens with eyelets.



"Ready to eat those words, mom?"



BABY: How do you like being me, Mom? Still I have "nothing to cry about!"

MOM: Honey — I take it all back! I never knew so many things in a baby's life could irritate his skin and make him cross!

BABY: And does that suggest something, maybe? Such as protecting my skin with Johnson's Baby Cream and Johnson's Baby Powder?

MOM: Gracious! Do babies need both?

BABY: Yessiree, Mom! Johnson's nice, pure Baby Cream to keep me smooth and to clear up irritations. And then again, Johnson's Baby Powder for soft cool sprinkles that chase little chafes and prickles!



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1'7

N/4

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OBTAINABLE FROM EXCLUSIVE STORES AND CHEMISTS

WHAT IS Fame?

CURIOUS TRIFLES
THAT FIX A NAME
IN HUMAN MEMORY

KING Alfred burnt the cakes. Can you remember anything else about him? Be frank now. Just an old cakeburner, that's all Alfred is to you.

And of the many diverting things that Nero must have done—and they did diverting things in those days—all that recalls itself offhand is that he fiddled. We don't even know, or care, if he fiddled well. It was his sense of timing that made it memorable.

So that is all there is now to Alfred and Nero, both big shots in their day.

The Duke of Clarence, whom no one would throw a glance at otherwise, was drowned in a butt of Malmsey wine. That was colorful. It fixed him in the minds of posterity. He could have had his head cut off and no more said. But he chose the better part, or maybe he was pushed into it, and somehow we can't forget.

The things that are going to be things that people can't forget are unpredictable. It would be ridiculous now to drown oneself in wine, even if it were possible, in the hope of being coupled with the Duke of Clarence. It might not even make the Sunday papers.

Take Queen Anne, for instance. She had nineteen children. This, one would say, would be her most memorable performance. Not at all. The only thing that we cannot forget about her to-day is that she is dead. And would you wonder?

Or, if you won't take Queen Anne, take the Charge of the Light Brigade. Who led them on that much-publicised occasion? Did you know it was Lord Cardigan?

That, with the boosting Tennyson gave it, should have been enough to make his name a household word, but it wasn't. What did the trick was a type of woollen garment he affected, possibly to ease his lumbago.

This coat became popular, and has



• THIS TOUCHING SCENE, alas, represents the chief reason why we remember King Alfred.

always been called after him, but as far as Balacava went he might as well have stayed at home.

And what about Hardy at the Battle of Trafalgar? What did he do there? Would you have even known he was present if Nelson hadn't wanted to kiss him? Just a fancy of the Admiral's, but it fixed Hardy.

Gladstone, if he followed the example of Lord Cardigan, would

again be the main points . . . while waiting for Gladstone to finish a bout with a lamb chop. He probably would not even mention what he said in '78 until after he had worked his way through the last course.

Other people are famous merely by the fact of their association with someone else. Hero and Leander, Romeo and Juliet, Heloise and Abelard, Laurel and Hardy.

But here again one can't make sure of fame by falling in love. We all do that. Some make a habit of it and it gets them nowhere. Or by being fat, or, alternatively, thin, and acting the fool. We all do that, too, sometimes. Only our family and friends remember.

Sometimes it is not the person himself who is remembered, but something he has said or written. And the something doesn't have to be brilliant or even remarkable. It just must have X, the unknown quantity.

Under this heading comes Tom Brown, who was born in England in 1863 and died in 1904, after undermining his constitution with alcohol.

By E. W. BROWN

get the bull's-eye with his bag. But no, with him the spotlight falls on what he said in '78. What it was he said I do not know, and I have never met anyone who did but he is famous for it.

For it, and for chewing his food thirty times before he swallowed, which must have made him a tedious dinner companion.

There was no wireless in those days, remember. No listening to: "That is the end of the news; here

He was a schoolmaster for a few years at Kingston-on-Thames, was sacked for his irregularities, and after this, in London, wrote satires, epigrams and miscellaneous pieces, which are described mainly as of a coarse and scurrilous nature.

Can you place him at all? It would be surprising if you could. Yet when he was at Oxford he remarked, "I do not like thee, Dr. Fell," and added the reason why he could not tell.

And no one has ever got over this unexplained antipathy of his, nor forgotten Dr. Fell, although it happened over two hundred years ago, and Tom Brown himself has gone with the wind from our memory.

Just as catchy, more informative, and about people famous in their

own right to start with, are Dorothy Parker's lines beginning—"Byron and Shelley and Keats were a trio of lyrical treats," but for one person who could go ahead and quote them in full there are hundreds who could finish Dr. Fell, and be glad to do it.

There is just no telling what you have to do to be there for keeps.

Dr. Crippen made the grade by murdering his wife. Other men have murdered their wives before and since, and now their names are as stones in a well.

In any case, you may draw the line at murder.

But don't imagine, either, that just drawing a line will make for anything permanent.

Mr. Plimsoll has already cashed in on that.

"YOU LOOK SO MUCH
BETTER . . DADDY!"



AND THIS IS WHY!

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*Look for
this label
on every
skein*



LINCOLN MILLS
Dependable
KNITTING WOOLS

French navy men return to make homes here



UN, DEUX, TROIS—two-year-old Maurice Andriana counts in French for his French father and Australian mother at their home at Strathfield, N.S.W.



FRENCH HUSBAND, Charles Castellotti, went to the hairdresser's with his pretty wife a few days after his return to Australia.

Reunited with Australian wives after sad visit to own country

By JOAN POWE

A Sydney girl, Mrs. Charles Castellotti, said good-bye to her French sailor husband more than two years ago, expecting to follow him later to make their home in France.

Last week she received word that her husband would be arriving in one hour aboard the U.S. transport Calusa.

"I WAS in my working things and an apron, too, and had a terrible job getting to the wharf in time," she said. "There wasn't even time to dress my baby daughter Yvonne, aged two, whom my husband hadn't seen before he left, but he saw her as soon as we got home," said Mrs. Castellotti.

Leading-Seaman Castellotti is one of ten Frenchmen who came to Australia in the French destroyer Le Triomphant and have returned to make their homes here because they found conditions so bad in their own country.

Eight of the men had married Australian girls when their ship was in Sydney, and two had become engaged.

Changed country

THE ten sailors tell grim stories of a France in the hands of unscrupulous blackmarketeers, a people deprived for almost six years of essential foodstuffs and household necessities, and frivolous extravagance flourishing side by side with utter poverty.

When they returned to France, most of the men found their families well, but the change which had taken place in the France they knew made them feel they could not settle there. They had to wait many months for a ship coming to Australia.

Six of their fellow seamen from Le Triomphant had returned the previous September, and several are still awaiting their passage.

The story of Leading-Seaman Paul Andriana, at present living with his wife and two-year-old son Maurice at Strathfield, is typical of what most of the men felt.

Dark, handsome and quiet-spoken, Leading-Seaman Andriana comes from Ordour-sur-d'Ayres, a small province near the German border.

His mother and father are still alive and well, but he learnt that his uncle, a Police Commissioner, and his aunt had been killed during the German occupation.

"Conditions in the country were terrible. You could buy nothing except on the black market, and most of the people had seen no fruit or vegetables since early in the war," he said.

"One pound of butter cost £3 in Australian money, cigarettes were 10/- for a packet of 20, and a suit of clothes was £50 or more, when you could obtain it, on the black market."

Factory workers comprised almost the only class in steady employment in the province, although in Normandy and a few other provinces the position was slightly better.

In Paris he bought as a present for his wife a two-ounce bottle of perfume which cost between £7 and £8 in Australian currency.

"Paris is the same city in appearance, but its spirit has gone. It was dreadful," he said.

After his demobilisation from the French Navy, Leading-Seaman Andriana hopes to obtain an engineering job in Sydney.

Meanwhile he is getting to know his little son Maurice, who was born two weeks after Le Triomphant sailed.

Maurice, who is the image of his daddy, with big brown eyes, is rapidly learning French words and simple sentences, and can already count up to ten in French.

Leading-Seaman Andriana's attractive, dark-haired wife confesses she is a little disappointed at missing a trip to France, but is glad to have her husband back, and hopes that one day they will pay a visit there.

Leading-Seaman Castellotti, who comes from Lorraine, where his people have a farm, has been in the French Navy since 1937, and was



BACK FROM BRITANNY, Leading-Seaman Guy le Jeune is reunited with his Queensland bride, formerly Audrey Russell.

ship's barber for some months.

He has not decided yet whether to become a barber or do engineering in Australia.

When Le Triomphant was in Sydney in 1943, he and his friend, Leading-Seaman Guy le Jeune, had a double wedding ceremony.

No lights

LEADING-SEAMAN le Jeune, who comes from Brittany, is at present living at King's Cross with his attractive wife, formerly Audrey Russell, a Queensland girl.

"Brittany was in a terrible state when I returned there," he said. "There are no lights, and the people are forced to use kerosene lamps. Black-marketing is everywhere, and commodities like soap are just unobtainable."

The couple met when they were living next door to each other more than four years ago, and are living in the same flat which Mrs. le Jeune had then.

They hope to visit France one day, and Leading-Seaman le Jeune is keeping his wife in practice with the language.

Mrs. Marcel Lehrer, formerly Gwen Borrill of Wahroonga, is spending a "second honeymoon" with her husband, Leading-Seaman Lehrer.

Leading-Seaman Lehrer, who speaks three languages, was on the British cruiser Edinborough before transferring to the French destroyer, and was believed by his parents to be dead.

The Germans had circulated a report that the Edinborough was lost with all hands, and his mother, who comes from Strasbourg, was overjoyed when he returned.

To avoid certain death and probable danger to his family should he be captured by the Germans, Leading-Seaman Lehrer took the name of Tony Martin, and passed as an English Tommy while on the Edinborough.

Mrs. Lehrer's sister Joan is also married to a member of Le Triomphant's crew, Leading-Seaman Louis Desit, and has received word that he should be in Sydney by about Easter.

The couple were married only a day when Leading-Seaman Desit sailed.

Winner of the coveted honor, the Croix de Guerre, Leading-Seaman Desit was gunner on a small French merchant ship when France fell, and took part in the action at Dunkirk.

He and eighteen comrades went ashore during the British evacua-

Jumped overboard

WHILE on her way to Africa, Le Triomphant struck a cyclone in the Indian Ocean, and at one stage most of the crew were forced to jump overboard when the destroyer nearly foundered. The ship's doctor and the first engineer were lost, but the rest of the crew reboarded the ship.

The ten members of the crew who have returned to Australia tell of the hospitable welcome they received during the nine months they were in America for repairs before Le Triomphant finally reached France.

tion and silenced a German gun, enabling hundreds of British troops to get away safely.

The nineteen Frenchmen were all decorated for their bravery.

Both men have been given jobs by friends of the family, and their father-in-law, Mr. A. C. Borrill, is making them presents of separate blocks of land in Wahroonga.

Another of the sailors, Leading-Seaman Gerard Bonneton, will shortly be married to Miss Marie Baker, pianist, of Shepherd Street, Ryde, and will make Australia his permanent home.

"Australia is a young country, and I like it very much. The girls are also very good," he said.

Leading-Seaman Bonneton was in the merchant navy before joining the French National Navy, and spent about four years in Tahiti.

The couple met at the Friends of France Club in Sydney, run by Mrs. Ivy Moore, about four years ago.

Most of the men were in the French Merchant Navy before the war, and have not made up their minds what jobs they will take up in Australia.

They feel the employment prospect is much more secure in Australia, however, and are waiting "until the right job turns up."

Practically all of them have had engineering experience in the Navy.

Two of the sailors who arrived on the Calusa have left to make their homes in Melbourne with their wives, and another has gone to New Caledonia.

Editorial

FEBRUARY 23, 1946.

FOOD FOR BRITAIN

PLANs to hasten sending of more food to Britain have the enthusiastic support of all Australians.

Shocked at the news of the further cuts in the ration, we were relieved to know that we were to make a greater contribution than before to Britain's supplies.

The rise in donations to gift food appeals showed immediately how public feeling had been stirred.

However, many of us feel that a good deal more can be done if we make some sacrifices ourselves.

We are not, and never were, within sight of hunger. Our shop windows filled with all kinds of food would look like a dream to the hungry British.

We cannot in all honesty congratulate ourselves on our aid to Britain as long as our meat ration — to quote one item — is as generous as it is, and as long as fats other than butter are unrationed.

An appeal is being made for housewives to save fat to be sent to Britain for soapmaking. Voluntary help of this kind is certainly useful. But in the long run a properly organised system of rationing might be more effective.

What we would save with more stringent rationing might go only a small way to aid Britain's 47 million population.

But Britain now is reaching the point where she would appreciate even a few extra crumbs.

She will be grateful for whatever we send her. But we cannot truly claim to be "scraping the bottom of the bin" until we decide to cut our own supplies below the generous level which we now enjoy.

Australian force in Japan

New comforts fund needed

By a Special Correspondent

Australia's first occupation force — three battalions comprising 10,000 seasoned young A.I.F. troops — will arrive in Japan this month.

Combining an irrepressible "Digger" spirit of adventure with an intense pride in representing their country in the Allied Occupation Forces, these volunteers from every A.I.F. battalion have undergone the final stages of their training at a camp at Morotai.

THE force—No. 34 Brigade group, under the command of Brigadier R. H. Nimmo—is composed of the 65th, 66th, and 67th Battalions.

Three D.S.O. winners command the battalions—Lieut.-Colonel R. R. Maroon, Lieut.-Colonel G. Colvin, and Lieut.-Colonel D. R. Jackson, who was second in command and later took over the 2/28th Battalion.

"It is a pity Australia cannot see this force—the first of its kind in her history—before the lads leave for Japan," said a member of the force.

"It would do your hearts good to see the enthusiasm displayed by the boys toward this unique role assigned them."

"Within a short space of time the three battalions have been welded into a brigade which for smartness and efficiency should be second to none in the Allied Occupation Forces."

Rival brigades

"With typical Aussie thoroughness, officers and men are rivaling the 'spit and polish' of a British regular regiment."

"In Southern Honshu, area assigned to British Imperial Force, the Aussies realise they will have tough opposition from three rival brigades."

"They are a British brigade comprised of regular units, an Indian brigade, and a New Zealand brigade raised in Italy."

Incentive to the lads in the three individual Australian battalions is the Commander-in-Chief, Lieut.-General Sir John Northcott's, promise that the honor of "Showing the Flag" in Tokyo would fall to the smartest battalion in the British Forces.

More than sufficient volunteers responded when the Occupation Force was first mooted.

Average age of the men in one of the battalions is about 26 years for officers and 23 for other ranks.

In the entire battalion, only 15 were married men.

Only women in the force are the Australian sisters and Aunty attached to the 130th Australian General Hospital.

"Although we will be with the British under American Command, we will be an independent, self-sufficient force," an official said.

"Monotony of barrack life will be



BRIG. R. H. NIMMO, who will command the 34th Brigade, commanded the 1st Armored Brigade, was on the General Staff in W.A., N.S.W., and Northern Territory.



LIEUT.-GEN. SIR JOHN NORTH-COTT, C.B., M.V.O., commanding all British forces in Japan. A Victorian, he became Chief of the General Staff, A.M.F., in 1942.

eliminated to some extent, as there will be no permanent stations within the British area, and brigades will relieve one another regularly.

"There will be a strict non-fraternisation policy towards the Japanese, and for this reason especially careful consideration had to be given to the question of amusement and amenities for the lads."

"There will be ample leave for the boys, and tours arranged to various parts of the country."

"At Morotai, classes in Japanese have been well attended, and I don't think the lads will have any difficulty in finding their way around."

"Sport is going to play a big part, and we have already prepared plans for a programme of cricket, football, baseball, etc."

"There'll be a club for sisters of the 130th A.G.H. and officers, and a club for other ranks."

"We hope to arrange concert parties with the talent available among the troops, with perhaps a visit or two from some well-known radio and theatrical stars from Australia."

The 67th Battalion is very proud of its regimental band, for which orchestral and band instruments had been supplied by the 2/1st Battalion.

At Morotai the battalion has produced its own newspaper, "Beint," which it will take along to Honshu.

Mobile cinemas will accompany the three battalions.

Scarce supplies

ORGANISING and equipping the Australian brigade for its regimental life on and off duty was a hard problem, especially with only wartime facilities available.

"There are many things we desperately need and which we are finding it difficult to obtain," another officer said.

"Equipment for messes, supplies of razor-blades, soap, washers, indoor games are only a few of the minor ones."

"We will have no Australian Comforts Fund to help us, and all of us would be tremendously appreciative if some interested body of relatives or citizens formed themselves into

a welfare organisation, with which we could have direct contact across the 4000 miles separating us from home."

Plenty of knitteds would be needed in severe Japanese winters.

Sheepskin jackets similar to those worn by Americans would be a boon to the boys in severe Japanese winters, he said.

"As it stands now, the boys have only been provided with long winter woollens and their uniforms and greatcoats," he added.

"It is only natural that the lads will get a little homesick for Australia."

"An organisation back home which would adopt us, keep us supplied with little comforts, and with which we could share common interests, would mean a great deal."

FOR RETURNING SERVICEMEN

THE story of the part played by Australians in the three armed Services in the war in the Middle East, Europe, and the Pacific will be told in detail in official histories.

But there is also a personal, vivid record of the life every serviceman shared with his mates, in the pages of "The Boys Write Home."

This book has been compiled from the thousands of letters from various war fronts, written by the men themselves, and sent in by relatives, for publication in The Australian Women's Weekly.

As thousands of men were still away when this book was first published, it has been decided to make available the few copies still remaining for sale to returned servicemen at 1/- a copy. It has been reduced from 2/6.

Send 1/- plus 2½d. postage in stamps or postal note to the Book Publishing Department, Consolidated Press Ltd., 168 Castlereagh St., Sydney, and a copy of the book will be forwarded.

Interesting People



LORD WALKDEN

... new Labor peer

SEVENTY - TWO-YEAR-OLD

Lord Walkden, one of Britain's new Labor peers, who started his career as a railway clerk, now occupies a place in the front Government bench in the House of Lords in his colorful role as Captain of the Yeomen of the Guard. Coming from family of yeomen farmers, he retains his agricultural interests as chairman of Domestic Poultry Keepers' Council. Is one of the world's leading fanciers of exotic birds and a breeder of gamecocks.



LADY GORDON

... much-loved personality

PRESIDENT OF N.S.W. Red

Cross Special Appeals Committee, recently disbanded, Lady Gordon, widow of notable judge Sir Alexander Gordon, led group which raised £240,000 in five years for Red Cross. One of Sydney's best-loved citizens, Lady Gordon, who is returning to England shortly to live with her daughter, has been inspiring leader in its cultural life in 41 years since her arrival as concert artist Margaret Thomas. Was one of founders of Sydney Symphony Orchestra Committee. Has raised many thousands to assist young Australian artists study abroad, and for soldier welfare and charitable organisations.



CDR. J. C. R. PROUD

... political representative

AUSTRALIAN political representative

Commander J. C. R. Proud, R.A.N.V.R., of Melbourne, who has held several important intelligence posts during war. In 1940 was in Singapore on staff of Asia Combined Headquarters. Was recently awarded O.B.E. for his work in organisation and direction of Far Eastern Liaison Organisation, the Allied anti-Jap propaganda unit, to which he was appointed in 1943.



IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY ... By Wep.

DISTINGUISHED CONDUCTOR IN ACTION



Maurice Abravanel

★ This striking picture shows Maurice Abravanel in characteristic attitude as he directs the orchestra. He is conducting a splendid series of Sunday night concerts at the Sydney Town Hall, sponsored by the Sunday Telegraph and the Daily Telegraph. This is his second visit to Australia. He came first as conductor of Sir Benjamin Fuller's Opera Company in 1934, and staged to give symphony concerts in Sydney and Melbourne.

He left Australia to take up a contract as one of the conductors at the Metropolitan Opera House, New York. He is 42. Music is his hobby as well as his business, and his eyes light up as he discusses orchestras and scores. He is no high-brow, for he has conducted a series of Broadway shows as well as more serious

music. In one way, these lighter productions have given him more satisfaction than symphony concerts; for, as well as having fine players of great skill and artistry, he was allowed an unlimited number of rehearsals.

"I could polish and polish the performances," he said, "until every detail was perfect on the opening night. For a concert programme, usually only about three rehearsals are allowed. At the concert I can always hear things that might have been done much better." Musicians of the Sydney Orchestral Society like working with Abravanel. He is courteous and patient, and gives them the feeling that he and they are fellow workers. Silhouetted in the foreground of our picture is the leader of the orchestra, Lionel Lawson.

*Your Blood will save
a Life!*

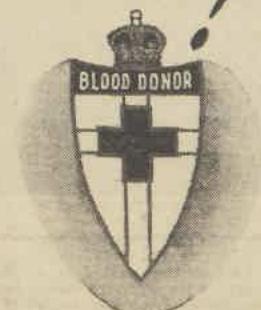


RED CROSS

Needs Blood Donors—urgently!

MAN is proud of being individual, different from the rest of his kind, yet by a thousand invisible bonds he is linked with his fellows. The blood that flows through your veins can be as potent a life-giving force in those of someone else; your blood can give life to someone whom you have never seen and may never know. Some day you, too, may be in need; your life, the life of someone important to you, may depend on the willingness of donors to share their blood. Red Cross appeals to you—to every man and woman—to enrol as a donor now, so that its Blood Transfusion Service, which has saved so many lives in the past, may continue to save lives.

Get in touch with your local Red Cross!



Badge for Donors

Above pictures an enlargement (actual size 1 x 1/2 in.) of the Red Cross badge, enamelled in white, red, blue, and gold, awarded to blood donors.

As I Read the STARS by JUNE MARSDEN

THE sun is now in the sign of Pisces, which promises increased good fortune this week for those born under the signs Scorpio, Cancer, and Pisces.

Improved conditions will also result for most Capricornians, Taurians, Leonians, and Scorpions, but caution and patience are required on the part of Gemini, Sagittarians, and Virgoans for some weeks to come.

The Daily Diary

HERE is my astrological review for the week:

ARIES (March 21 to April 21): Unspectacular days now, though Feb. 24 (evening) and 26 (forenoon) can be helpful. Feb. 20, 21, 25, and 26 (late) poor.

TAURUS (April 21 to May 21): Modest gains can now be sought. Unlucky Feb. 24 (after 6 p.m.) and Feb. 27. Feb. 21 (after 11 a.m.), 22, 23, and 25 poor.

GEMINI (May 21 to June 21): Beware indiscretions, changes, discord and worry now, especially on Feb. 24, 26 (worse), and early 27. Routine tasks advised for some weeks.

CANCER (June 21 to July 21): Get busy now, be confident. Seek promotions, changes, and favors, especially on Feb. 21 (after 9 p.m.) and 22 (except forenoon). Feb. 23 and 24 fair. Feb. 25 poor.

LEO (July 21 to Aug. 21): Your affairs should improve slightly now, but avoid rashness. Feb. 21 (after midday), 22, 23 and 25 poor. Feb. 24 (evening) and 26 (forenoon) fair.

VIRGO (Aug. 21 to Sept. 21): Beware losses, partings, and discord, especially on



"It's a wonderful party. I feel a little sick already."

Feb. 24, 25, and early 26. Routine tasks advised.

LIBRA (Sept. 21 to Oct. 21): Finalize marital matters on Feb. 19. Feb. 21, 23 (except forenoon), and 24 (evening) may give grave help.

SCORPIO (Oct. 21 to Nov. 21): Seek gains, promotions, and changes now. Feb. 21 and Feb. 22 (except forenoon) excellent. Feb. 23 and Feb. 24 (late) very fair. Feb. 25 adverse.

SAGITTARIUS (Nov. 21 to Dec. 21): Live quietly for some weeks, and avoid argument, changes, and new projects, especially on Feb. 23. Feb. 20, 24, and 26 also poor.

CAPRICORN (Dec. 21 to Jan. 21): Feb. 19, 20, and 21 (early) poor, but 21 (after 1 p.m.), 24 (except forenoon), 25, and 26 fair. Feb. 23 adverse.

AQUARIUS (Jan. 21 to Feb. 19): Hazy results can be obtained on Feb. 24, Feb. 26 (midday and evening hours), or 21 (before 10 a.m.). Feb. 23 (noon to late 23) and Feb. 25 tricky.

PISCES (Feb. 19 to March 21): Seek ambitious goals now. Feb. 21 and 22 (before 9 a.m. or after noon) excellent, and 23 good. Feb. 25 adverse. Feb. 26 and 28 poor.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological matter as a matter of interest, without accepting responsibility for the statements contained in it. June Marsden regrets that she is unable to answer any letters.—Editor, A.W.W.]

YOUR COUPONS

TEA: 29-30.
SUGAR: 19 and 30.
BUTTER: 29 to 30 (all March 19).
MEAT: Black 44 to 67; red and green, 75 and 76 (expire March 19).
(On Feb. 23, black 68 to 70 and red and green 77 and 79 also become available till March 19.)
CLOTHES: 71-90, 237-312.



Mandrake the Magician

MANDRAKE: Master Magician, and **LOTHAR:** His giant Nubian servant, rescue **BETTY GRAY:** From two Arabs. She explains she is on an unusual treasure hunt. Her uncle has left his fortune in a locked vault. His will states that the numbers of the safe's combination are hidden all over the world. Betty and her cousins

AUGUSTA: Who wants Betty out of the hunt. **KARL:** Who will do what Augusta says, and **PETER:** Who does not want Betty harmed, are all s arching for the numbers. They are given the first clue "In Cheops the old boy has a pain in the neck." Betty enlists Mandrake's aid. He explains Cheops is one of the Pyramids. NOW READ ON:



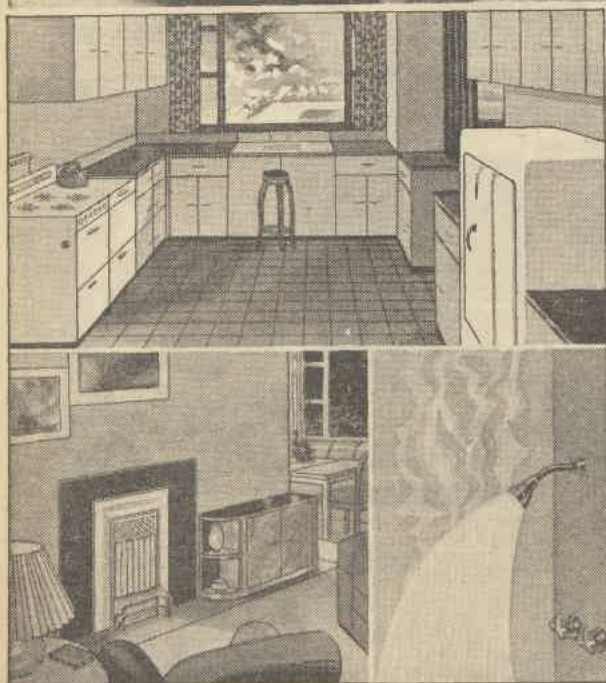
MEANWHILE, BETTY'S THREE COUSINS HAVE A CONFERENCE.



TO BE CONTINUED

Planning the home they've always wanted

...equipped with GAS of course!



When you build your new home — or modernize your present dwelling — remember that Gas is the smart, practical way of coping with the 4 Big Domestic Jobs. For Cooking, Heating, Refrigeration and Hot Water, Gas stands supreme! Its Automatic Finger-Tip Control ensures True Economy and Real Convenience. Gas is the fashionable way to Brighter and Easier Living. For added leisure and more time for pleasure — insist on Gas in your New Home.

After six years devoted to the War Effort, the Services of the Gas Industry are now free to assist you towards Brighter and Better Living

Select approved appliances at your Gas Company Showrooms

GAS

FOR THE 4 BIG JOBS

COOKING .. HEATING .. REFRIGERATION .. HOT WATER

INSERTED BY THE NATIONAL GAS ASSOCIATION OF AUSTRALIA

SHE gazed at me steadily in the odd way the Thornydykes have. Their eyes seem to talk at times, and now Juanita's seemed to be saying: "It wouldn't hurt too much if you read it too."

Later on that afternoon the rain came. I was in my room, thinking of the package that Juanita gave me. I knew by touching it that it was a small thick book. It was there on my round table by the window, at my elbow. A rubber band held a fold of freshly creased blue tissue round it.

I removed the tissue and for the first time realised that it must be Rita's diary. No one had been able to find it after Rita's death.

I let it fall open at the thick marker and read the lines that had been bracketed with red ink, probably by Juanita. I thought, "Now that I am going to be the mother of Anthony's child I must try to be a better wife to him..." I shut the book quickly. But there it was. The truth. The truth about Donny!

I slipped the diary back into its tissue and rubber band.

There was a sudden gust of wind, then Merton was at the door, calling me to the phone. It was Larry. Could I meet him at seven for dinner? He was not satisfied about that subject we'd been talking about earlier... besides, he wanted to sit opposite me at the table, he said.

It was only 5.30, but I decided to go at once. Anything to get away! I put the diary under my pillow, for nobody must see it. I knew if Juanita wanted it before I returned, she'd find it. None of the Thornydykes had any inhibitions. I really had no privacy.

Across the table from Larry at dinner, I asked him: "Why aren't you satisfied? Are you thinking of Rita's cousin... Barry? You're surely convinced about Mr. Hawkins, aren't you?" I looked down then, straight at my plate, remembering suddenly the expression that had been in Juanita's eyes.

I Write of Murder

Continued from page 10

Larry reached over and laid his hand on mine. "Why are you so frightened, honey?" he said. "You're trembling and your hand is like ice."

"Oh... I'm silly," I said.

I think Larry was on the point of saying something wonderful to me when a sound outside reached us. Did you ever hear the thump of footsteps stopping suddenly and then starting up again fast? Excitement. That's what it was. Then the wheeze of a police siren...

We ran out and Peterson, hurrying along, stopped when he saw us. "D'you know what's happened over in the Gardens?" he said. "They've dragged the other Thornydyke girl—Juanita—out of the pool by the mill. What's her married name? Oh, yes, Mrs. Benner. She's dead. Can't revive her. Suicide, I guess."

I think I probably would have crumpled to the pavement if Larry hadn't dragged me in to a chair. "Chin up," he said. "I'll get some hot coffee."

I sat there with Juanita's words tearing through my brain. "Hide this, and if I don't come back, give it to mother..." Juanita, who knew she wasn't coming back, waiting only for dusk and for Merton to pull the curtains over her mother's living-room windows. I told Larry then, not what Mrs. Thornydyke had said about Donny, or about the words bracketed in red ink, but about the lost diary under my pillow and what Juanita had said.

"I've got to get back," I said. "It's twenty to nine—I must hurry."

"Wait till I phone and I'll take you home," he said.

He came back after a moment. "There's something in the diary somebody fears," he said. "The pattern is shaping. Still, I may be crazy. Wait—you said Donny was spending the night with his grandmother, didn't you? Well, Hawkins had time to go home, after they

released him, and then go after Donny. I mean, he must have been there in the Gardens..."

He called a taxi then and we went back to the Gardens.

I ran all the way from the taxi to my room. The diary was still under my pillow. I carried it as fast as I could to Mrs. Thornydyke's room, opened her door without knocking, and went in. Tall old Mrs. Thornydyke was on her knees by the bed, a tree felled by the

Everything had happened so quickly, Merton said. He pulled the curtains early because of the rain, then Mrs. Thornydyke and Donny ate supper in the upstairs sitting-room. When he was bringing one of the trays down he heard something. He paid no attention. He thought it was one of the small owls over by the mill, though his wife declared it was someone screaming. At about 8.30, he thought it was the doorbell rang...

It was poor Mr. Benner, looking for his wife. She'd said she wanted to run up to her mother's, that she would be back in a moment. It had been a good 40 minutes, Mr. Benner said, and dinner was waiting.

"Maybe we better look about, sir," Merton said, and remembering the scream he and his wife had heard, he felt uncomfortable. "Don't you think, sir?"

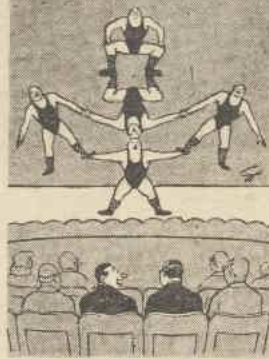
"Oh, yes, please," Mr. Benner said. "I've never seen any prowlers about, but..."

He and Mr. Benner went out and hurried through the warm rain, along the path toward the mill. When they reached the swimming pool, she was there. Down in the reddish water. Together they got her out. They called Dr. Mason and the police. And that was all.

I went out into the hall and found Larry waiting for me.

"Sergeant O'Nara wants to speak to you in the library," he said. He stared at me, tilted my chin with his finger. "You need a drink, honey," he said. "I'll ask Merton to fix one."

All that Sergeant O'Nara wanted was for me to look back to my conversation with Juanita earlier and tell him if I thought she had acted as if she were in a highly nervous state, as if, in short, she had something of this sort in mind? Yes, I said. Definitely. But I didn't mention the diary, for Mr. Hawkins was in the room, too.



"It's not as easy as it looks."

storm now, and pushing the book under her folded arms. I gave her Juanita's message. I knew no ordinary person could ever help a Thornydyke.

So when she told me to get out, I started down to find Merton. But I heard her through the door, crying out, "Oh, the liar, the liar!"

Spring Meeting

Continued from page 7

THEY sat talking over tea while the green afternoon deepened into a primrose sunset and hyacinths and jonquills in the border released the stored sweetness of the day.

There was never any doubt that Ted was going to stay for his two days' leave; that a guest room was waiting, quiet and welcoming, for a young man with untanned skin and rough fair hair who didn't have any arrangements.

Before dinner he went up to have a shower, and his hostess retired to the kitchen to discuss with Kate how the wartime larder could be stretched to meet a young man's appetite.

A few minutes later she was in the vestibule, filling an old Worcester mug with hyacinths, when David Massey came in through the kitchen with a double handful of freshly picked asparagus.

David Massey had a small farm across the field at the back, just a little mixed farm like that of any yeoman farmer—though, of course, Miss Darlington would sometimes say, to-day it was rather more than that, since David's brilliant research on winter wheat was now being financed by the Government.

He was something over fifty, rugged and forceful, and she always felt oddly light when he was around, brittle and vulnerable, like one of her own fragile china cups.

Now, as he came across the vestibule, letting slam the kitchen door behind him, she looked up from her flowers.

"Asparagus? How nice! You must have sensed I had a guest for dinner."

He said, putting the slender yellow-green stalks down on the bench beside her: "Second night, eh? No, can't claim it. Kate told me you'd picked up an Australian airman when she came over for some mint."

"Well, thank you, David. It's very kind of you."

He gave a short laugh. "Not kind at all. Just indulging a wish to hear you thank me."

"Oh, nonsense, you always say

that." Her head on one side, she considered the flowers.

He stood watching her placing the hyacinths in the mug—blue and white waxen heads of bloom. The warm light from the western sky filtered on to her face and gave it almost a youthfulness. But her hands were subtly nervous, as though conscious of the quiet, steady gaze of the man beside her.

She showed this nervousness, too, in her voice when she said, "What a lovely evening it is. Did you notice the sky at sunset?"

He nodded. "I noticed it. Spring round again. Buds bursting and the trees green again almost overnight. I seem to remember one evening last spring when I came over here with some trifle or other from the garden and found you putting hyacinths into that mug. Just the same time—might have been the same day. Everything just as it is now, I remember."

"Really? Goodness... is that so?" Her voice had a fluttery sound.

"Yes. Seems to me, I was thinking a minute ago as I came across the field, you and I haven't a bit more will than the plants that come up each year as the spring tells them to."

She raised startled eyes to his. "Why, David, what do you mean?"

"Just what I say. I expect this time next year, too, we'll be doing exactly what we're doing now, as though—as though some force of nature condemned us to stay right where we are. Except for another

year gone, and a few more grey hairs."

For a moment she stopped trying to make the hyacinths stand up in the vase. Her face had the troubled look of a child jolted out of a make-believe world and apprehensive of a new reality.

In her embarrassment she said the very thing that gave him his opening: "Dear me, how depressing that sounds! But what else should we do?"

There was a half smile on his face as he answered: "I could tell you. It's been in my mind for a long time." Standing there, grimly direct, his rugged head outlined against the fading light he didn't fidget or flush as she did. His assurance came from a harmony with things round him; while she seemed all awry, timidly skirting the essentials.

He went on: "I don't know why I haven't said it before. When all's said and done, things aren't so very uneven between us. I'm not young, but then neither are you, and I've got plenty of strength and a very sound constitution. And that's as negligible as it sounds! Of course, I know you're an aristocrat and I'm not."

"Oh, David... what a thing to say!"

"It's not what I meant to say." He took a step nearer, speaking with more hesitation. "I've wanted to tell you that you mean the world to me, and—seven or eleven—old or young—whatever we are—I know there's something we could still get out of

life together. I know it's not too late to tell you that your eyes are as blue as those flowers you're so fond of each year."

She turned to the window. The spring flooded in—its lights, its scents, all the nostalgic sweetness whose message is not—as it seems—only for the young.

It spoke to her now, setting her heart beating, weakening her will. Her head seemed to swim, she closed her eyes. Oh, yes... of course.

She wanted to say, Yes, David! She wanted to tell him how much she cared for him, how she longed to accept all he offered—protection from a difficult and perplexing world.

But how could she? David Massey—little more than a larking man! And she, a Darlington!... She felt him beside her, waiting close, his sleeve almost touching hers.

His hand, broad and worked and earthy from the asparagus bed, rested on the window-sill...

Her glance went from it to her own narrow white hand with the old ring of gold and faded pearls given to one of her ancestors by a Tudor prince...

It was a pity she had to notice that at this moment.

She faced him suddenly, quite calmly.

"Please, David," she said. "I'd rather you didn't say all this. It—it spoils things between us."

"It—does?" For a moment, he stood looking at her intently, then abruptly, he turned on his heel and strode out.

Please turn to page 28

Wuff, Snuff & Tuff

FOR THE CHILDREN

by TIM



(Copyright)

"FOR THE BUSHMEN LOVE HARD RIDING"



GOOD VANTAGE POINT for Edna McGufficke, Jindabyne, N.S.W., as Jim Nankervis, Corryong, Vic., gives her a pick-a-back at the Chalet rodeo.



VETERAN ROUGH-RIDER Ernie Boardman, Corryong, Vic., taking a toss soon after his horse was released from the yard at the first rodeo held at the Chalet, Mount Kosciusko.

Long trek over wild bush trails to mountain rodeo

By BETTY WILKINSON

Horsemen and horsewomen rode for days over rough mountain tracks to attend the first rodeo held at the Chalet, Mount Kosciusko.

They camped at night in stockmen's huts scattered over the ranges or else pitched their tents.



LUNCH ON A LOG bridging stream near the Chalet: L. to R.: Arthur and Murray Land, Cudgewa, Vic.; Mrs. C. Simpson, Cudgewa; Norma Griffiths, Bringenbrong, N.S.W.; Selby Jeffrey, Cudgewa; Harold Star, Cudgewa; Mrs. Beryl Hamilton, Corryong, Vic.



RIDING to Mount Kosciusko, Peg, Johnny, and Murray Pierce, and Pat Chitty pause on the hill overlooking the junction of the Snowy and Spencer Rivers.

FOR part of their long ride they had to face icy winds and steady rain. Some were even turned back for a few hours by heavy fog.

The Chalet arena, built of stout mountain ash, with rails five feet six inches high, is in a perfect setting, and the day of the rodeo was ideal with brilliant sunshine and a crisp, invigorating wind.

Wild mountains timbered with stocky snow-gums sweep down to the arena in a thickly grassed hollow.

There was as much delight in watching the splendid mountain horses picking their way with sure, delicate tread down the rocky slopes as in the magnificent rough-riding in the arena.

When cattle or horses broke from the yards or out of the arena, skilled stockmen galloped after them, across creeks, over swamps, and "turned their heads for home."

The day before the rodeo I was out on Tate Mountain when fog came down and rain settled in for hours.

My guide was Dave Mackay, born and bred in the Snowy River country—keen-eyed, lean, long-legged, and happier on a horse than anywhere else.

Strange country

COMING across one of the lower spurs of the mountain we met the first of the long-distance riders.

They had been picking their way, by map, across the mountains from Bringenbrong, on the Upper Murray, over country they had never seen.

They were doing well but were glad to be guided by such an experienced hand as Dave Mackay.

Youngest member of the party was 10-year-old Murray Pierce, of Corryong, Victoria.

Murray is already a veteran horseman. He started to ride when he was three years old.

As he topped the hill above the junction of the Spencer and Snowy



ACROBATICS fill in a spare moment for Roy Sturgeon, son of Bren Sturgeon who is swinging at the

Rivers, he asked his sister, Peg Pierce, how far it was to the Chalet.

"Oh, about five miles."

"Gee, Peg! These Monaro miles are long and narrow," commented Murray.

Peg Pierce's total luggage consisted of two leather Indian cavalry bags, four inches square and twelve deep.

Her clothes were soaked during the morning's 18-mile ride from Mawson's hut. But she came down to dinner at the Chalet looking glamorous and charmingly frocked.

Like all the womenfolk of the daring rough-riders, Peg went through some bad moments when another brother, Johnny Pierce, ex-R.A.A.F., was in the arena. But she shared his triumph when he won the bull-dogging by throwing his steer in 194 seconds—very good time.

Peg does a man's job out of doors, helping her father. But she is a house girl, too. One of the last remarks I heard her make was:

"Must get home, even if it is a wet ride. Think of all the bottling and jam-making I have to do."

With the three Pierces were Ron Boardman, Corryong, and Pat Chitty, Cudgewa, Vic.

Daphne and Brenda Wilson and Allan Gottfried, from McLaren Vale, S.A., and Tex and Kevin Mooney, of Taralga, N.S.W., drove 50 buck-jumping horses 63 miles from Cooma to the Chalet.

They got into Jindabyne at the



LONG TREK HOME began for

Young expert

EIGHT-YEAR-OLD Buddy Crotty, of Adelaide, is already an expert at swinging ropes, taught by his famous father, Dan Crotty.

Buddy takes his ring appearances very calmly, hates any fuss made of him.

The two gave the crowd plenty of thrills and Dan did his trick-riding despite the rain-soaked arena. Like all the other riders his job was made twice as dangerous by the wet, heavy soil.

In addition, instead of riding his own thoroughly trained horse, he rode one of Tex Mooney's, which was trained in three weeks.

foot of the mountain about midnight; but by that time half the horses were missing and they had to ride back and find them.

Some of these horses were captured originally out on the mountains where they were running wild with hundreds of brumblers.

One, who gave a good example of buckjumping, had never been ridden before.

Snowy River horsemen get a lot of these mountain ponies but they catch them nowadays in building yards in unexpected places, putting salt in them.

"The horses will come up to get salt," said veteran stamper Leo Byatt, who has ridden them for 50 years. "They would come right into the Chalet if there were no people about."

Our arrival at the Chalet was a thrill.



REARING TO GO is Florian, four-year-old mount of Helen Hanna, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Weir Hanna, of Walwa, Vic. Helen rode Florian to the Chalet rodeo.



LIVELY steers gave rough-riders a good run for their money and the onlookers plenty of thrills.

moment for six-year-old horses, Hillop, Jindabyne, the arena rails.



For riders and their pack-horses who travelled from the Upper Murray Valley across the mountains. Photographs by staff photographer Jack Hixson.

After four hours in the saddle we were cold and wet, tired and hungry. As our string of horses, with pack-horses following, came down the long hill and through the Chalet gates we were greeted by cheers and cooers and stockmen's cries—heart-warming, cheering sounds for weary travellers.

And that was typical of the whole carnival.

The men who took part and the men and women who came to look on were all there because they love fine horses and appreciate fine horsemanship, and this common interest created a generous, happy spirit.

Not long after I had changed my soaking clothes the door of our dormitory opened and in came a figure as water-logged as I had been.

This was 18-year-old Helen Hanna, who had ridden all the way from Walwa, Vic. Helen covered a good

200 miles on her four-year-old mount, Florian, by the time she got home. Florian was bred by Helen's father, Mr. Weir Hanna.

Mr. Hanna took a bad toss when he first started to break in horses, at 18 years of age. He went on breaking them for 36 years, but was never thrown again.

The Hannas came from the Murray Valley up the wild, precipitous Geehi gorge. It is rough going at any time, but with the ground slippery after rain it was a marathon. With them were John Drummond, Walwa, and John Lowe, Goulburn, N.S.W.

John Drummond has not been out of the Army long. He missed horses terribly during his soldiering days, and is now readjusting himself to the old mountain life.

Because they will go anywhere to see good horses in action Mr. and Mrs. Bill Tyrwhitt Drake,

Tonga, Mansfield, Victoria, drove up to Khancoban, on the Upper Murray.

With them were Bob Graves, Battery Park, Mansfield, and his son Alex. At Khancoban they joined up with Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Nankervis, of Bringenbrong Station, and rode to the Chalet up the Geehi gorge.

Bill Drake, who has always lived among horses, here and in England, simply can't resist rodeos. And he specially enjoyed this one in the Snowy River country.

"You see some of the best-bred horses in Australia here," he said. "I know there are horses as good farther out, especially in Queensland, but they are so scattered there. It is harder to see them."

"I like Snowy River horses and I like the men who ride them." When most of the mountain men first met Mrs. Drake they said: "How's Rosie?"

Their interest was more than superficial because Rosie is Mrs. Drake's horse, which she once drove in a jinker about 2900 miles up and down the Murray Valley, and the nearby country.

Rosie is liable at odd moments to attempt to take a bite out of anyone who happens to come too

close, so she won't be forgotten for a long time by the men who helped Mrs. Drake catch and harness her.

Phil Henneky, Tumbarumba, N.S.W., and Doug Rial, of Tooma, N.S.W., rode 136 miles across the ranges working their way by compass and map over unknown country.

All went well until the last day of their ride when fog swept down from the tops and they had to turn back to White's Rover hut, about 11 miles from the Chalet, and come on next day.

Some of the roughest, most strenuous and most interesting riding of the day was done by the four "pickers-up," Laurie McGuffie and Bill McGuffie, cousins from Jindabyne; Dave Mackay, Adamina; and Bren Sturgeon, Jindabyne.

With amazing speed and expert horsemanship, these four careered after cattle and horses, hucking or galloping madly. They caught or headed them, and helped their riders bodily from the saddle, if they were still in it.

There would have been some broken bones but for their splendid work.

Judges were Mr. A. L. Cochran, of Yaouk, near Adamina, and Ron Boardman, Corryong.

Mr. Cochran is called "the daddy

of the rodeos in the south." He organised the first one on his property about seven years ago. He has followed them keenly since, and can feel proud to know they have raised about £100,000 for war charities.

Proceeds of the Chalet rodeo went to Jindabyne Bush Nursing Association, Memorial Hall funds, and Cooma Rehabilitation Committee.

Mr. Cochran's summing-up of the Chalet rodeo was: "Good horses? Well, they must have been good. They threw some of Australia's best rough-riders."

Ron Boardman showed what he could do with stockwhips during an interval in the riding.

He called several small boys into the ring and flicked paper from their hands, or cut it in two. The lads looked a bit worried at times as the long, snaky whip whistled towards them, and curled about their legs and heads.

Tourist plan

RON gave an unofficial exhibition during the lunch-hour, when he flicked threepence from behind his back about 40 yards along one of the Chalet corridors, over the heads of delighted onlookers.

Tex Mooney, champion rough-rider, who did not seem much the worse for his horse-rolling over him toward the end of the afternoon, has decided to stay on at the Chalet.

Next summer he is going to organise packhorse trips for tourists at regular intervals.

He will establish camps every ten or fifteen miles, the first at Dead Horse Hut, then over the summit of Kosciusko, to the Cascades and Geehi.

Sixty Army tents, beds, stoves, and camp gear have been bought, and will be installed during the winter.

The trip will be down deep, tree-fern lined valleys, and Tex plans to cover only ten or fifteen miles a day, so that it won't be too strenuous and there will be plenty of time for fishing. He expects about thirty or forty riders in each party.

When the rodeo day arrived dozens of unbooked people arrived at the Chalet, so emergency beds were put in dormitories and the big ski-room. Tents were erected round the arena for the overflow.

Mrs. George Day, Mrs. K. Price, and Mona Blacklock worked ceaselessly, so emergency beds were put in dormitories and the big ski-room. Tents were erected round the arena for the overflow.

There had to be two sittings for lunch and dinner on rodeo day, and for breakfast the next morning.

Torn muscles, stiff limbs, and skin-rings from tosses did not stop the horsemen from attending the Chalet dance at night.

By seven o'clock next morning the stables resounded with clinking stirrups and creaking leather as saddles and bridles were brought out to air before beginning the long trek home,

WE have been hearing about the duck-pond in the Botanic Gardens, which it seems is a favorite playing ground for children.

They like to lean over the edge to feed the ducks, an effort which results in children falling into the pond with a certain monotonous regularity.

When a woman we know took her small son there for the afternoon, her absorbed observation of the child throwing bread to the ducks was interrupted by a gardener:

"Madam," he said sternly, "I want you to know that owing to the acute shortage of manpower we simply cannot rescue children who fall into this pond."

AN efficiency expert has put his wife on the spot so far as her weekly allowance is concerned.

Every three months he gives her a bonus equivalent to the amount she's saved from the weekly allotment.

Bride likes U.S.

CHICAGO "Sun" Magazine

Parade publishes four pages of pictures and a story featuring an Australian war bride, Irene Kruse, now living at Waukegan, Illinois.

Pictures of this attractive girl are an excellent advertisement for Australian womanhood, cables our New York office.

The theme of the story is a letter written home to a friend in Australia by Irene.

She says in part, "This is a wonderful country. It's impossible not to respond to the warmth and sincerity of the people."

"You'll miss the glowing sunshine of Australia and the beaches and the way the moon looks shining over the harbor on summer nights, but I'm learning to skate and fish through ice."

NEW YORK ROUND-UP

'Goofy' hat show—self-expression went to the head

Radioed by L. J. MILLER of our New York staff

Fried eggs, raw bacon, bones and rags found places on the heads of competitors at 'Goofy' Hat Day.

THE crackpot competition was conducted by a newspaper and radio station as a publicity stunt.

Winners will receive a number of prizes of 100 dollars each. More than 250 women and a few hardy males turned up for the first day of the event.

It was a mad array of what the press agent flippantly called "an outlet for self-expression."

Competitors certainly let their heads go. Spinning-wheels, marbles, bottles, palm trees mingled in the homespun creations.

But nearly everyone agreed that the star piece was an arrangement called "the atomic bomb."

Its designer had taken white wool and light wire and built a replica of the now-famous picture of the explosion of the atom bomb.

Flying over the top of the mushrooming smoke cloud was a small four-motored bomber.

There was topical merit, too, in another hat representing a prize-fight ring with figures representing Joe Louis and Billy Conn—contenders for the world's heavyweight title—in opposite corners.

THERE was a grim touch to a gift at a New York girl's recent bridal shower. One of the gifts was a rolling pin with this note attached: "Useful when you knead dough."

A DOWAGER well known in Reno divorce centre has been divorced so often the judge suggested on her most recent appearance that next time she wear the clerk stamp "Not Renewable" on the marriage contract.

Voice from the B.B.C.

A FORMER B.B.C. announcer, Derek Prentice, whose voice became familiar to Australians with "This is London calling. Here is the news," during the war, is now listening to the B.B.C. from Australia.

With his Australian wife and their two children he recently arrived in Melbourne to take up an appointment with a Victorian broadcasting station.

Many Australians became so fond of his voice that he received dozens of fan letters.

"And what was better," he said, "food parcels which in much-rationed England were a wonderful gift."

Before joining the B.B.C., Mr. Prentice was on the London stage.

IT looks as though it will be a dull life for whoever takes the flat we saw advertised in a morning paper last week.

Austerly brief, it read: "Flat, £2/10/-, No linen, no guests, no drinks."

U.S. pun

A CABLE from our New York office tells us that a group of amateur actors in an American college got away with a nice bit of punning suggested by the Bernard Shaw film, "Caesar and Cleopatra."

The theme of the play is the deposition of King Ptolemy (the "P" is silent), and Cleopatra's efforts to rule Egypt when placed on the throne by Caesar.

The title of the college's Egyptian play was "My Mummy Done Ptolemy."

Animal Antics

A VERY small woman riding in a Fifth Avenue bus the other day entered prepared for the problem of reaching the hanging straps.

She carried a coat-hanger, bent

so that it hooked through the straps, giving her a comfortable grip.

A WOMAN has brought a suit against a department store for damages because the perfume she bought, guaranteed to make her

seductive, had the reverse effect upon her escort, who gave her a black eye.

YOU got shoved around on Broadway on Saturday nights, but it's nice to remember there are some polite people around.

A clerk at a downtown hosiery shop was asked by a woman customer whether she had any nylon stockings.

The counter girl replied with soft courtesy, "Very sorry, madam, but we haven't seen any nylons here for months."

The customer, taking a pair of nylons from her bag, replied, "I managed to get these down the street and I am going to give them to you as a present because of the polite way you have always turned me down when I asked for some."

DRINK affects people differently. Stroll into the Waldorf at the end of the cocktail hour and you'd never know it hadn't been a coca-cola party.

But it's not like that everywhere.

Mr. and Mrs. Elliot Beardsley, residents of a New York suburb, used to get pretty gay together.

Mr. Beardsley, defending himself against his wife's divorce suit on the grounds of intolerable cruelty and intemperance, said when he and his wife got "a bit high" they used to demonstrate their common skill with the rifle by shooting tin-cans off each other's head.

Beardsley remarked that obviously he could have shot his wife any time he pleased but didn't.

The judge reserved his decision.

A G.I. wearing two stars on his good conduct medal was asked at a Long Island party this week to explain them.

He said he won them for being so gentlemanly when he met Lana Turner and Jane Russell. He didn't let one wolf howl.

Thank-queue

"THE day will come," writes a reader to Picture Post, England, "when health authorities will point out that queuing took housewives into the pure fresh air, which resulted in good health."

"A lady" will also add her testimony as to its educational value, by recalling how, when waiting

MOON MOAN

IF anyone thinks

Said the Man, in the Moon

(Crossly)

That I have nothing better to do

Than to sit here

Answering radar echoes

They have another thing coming.

There are all my poets

And writers of song

To consider

To say nothing of lovers and harvests

To shine on.

Not to mention tides,

Wearing a halo when it's going to rain

And being bayed to

By bounds.

Kindly tell the scientists

I am overworked

And wish

They would leave me alone with my craters.

—DOROTHY DRAIN.

to obtain some frozen cod, on a beautiful day that only England can show, two obviously cultured ladies, immediately in front of her, spent the time awapping stories about the private life of William Shakespeare, with the result that she herself became a Shakespearean student.

The letter writer was a man.

W.A.S.P.S. Needed

MRS. ARTHUR RICE, of Kogarah, N.S.W., formerly Dulcie Edwards, of Armidale, is thinking of calling in the W.A.S.P.S. (Women's Agricultural Security Production Service) to cut the grass on her front lawn.

A few months ago she was talking in terms of thousands of acres and bushels. This was part of her job as assistant-organiser of the W.A.S.P.S.

She worked with W.A.S.P.S. from its inception with half a dozen girls, and watched it grow into a force of 3000 working all over N.S.W.

Now married to a former Spitfire pilot who spent three and a half years overseas, Dulcie's interests in crops have been reduced to several rows of vegetables in the backyard, and asters and snapdragons in the front garden.

But the ex-pilot is no gardener, and the girl whose eloquence recruited thousands of girls for the agricultural army can't talk her husband into mowing the lawn.

Antique

PROBABLY the oldest train running in England is the 12.5 London, Midland, and Scottish from Sheffield to St. Pancras, which was put on in 1875.

It still takes the same time to travel from station to station as it did in its youth, but it has been slightly spruced up.

The carriages have been converted into the corridor variety, the compartments are heated, and there is glass in the windows of the third-class carriages.

Pommy query

THE Editor of our "What's On Your Mind" column reports to us that the largest batch of letters she has yet received came in answer to a query about the origin of the word "Pommy."

The question was asked by Mrs. D. L. Paul, of Adelaide, who received 30 explanatory letters.

Of the 110 letters sent to the office the answers are divided as follows: Forty-two people wrote in to say that the word is obviously derived from the fact that English people have pink cheeks, and "pommy" is an abbreviation of pomegranate, the fruit to which their complexion was originally likened.

Thirty-nine plump for the reason that the English in Australia were commonly known as "immigrants." The word later became "Jimmigrants," then "pommigrants," and was finally shortened to Pommy.

Twenty-one readers explained that it came from P.O.M.E., the abbreviation of the words "Prisoners of Mother England," a term applied to the convicts.

This explanation was given in this column last year by Mr. F. I. Parker, Clerk of the House of Assembly in South Australia.

Three said it came from "Pomme," the French word for apple, once more referring to the high-colored English complexion.

Our expert on etymology informs us that no derivation has yet been finally accepted.

about the Malta show were that the island was so short of food that everyone was ordered not to walk any further than their duty required.

"This was known as the 'conservation of energy' order."

"Also when a certain type of plane, the Wimpy, was sent up, it carried only 300 gallons of fuel instead of the usual 800, so that if it was shot down it wouldn't waste the 600."

THE Little Scouts



Banana boat arrives

THE first banana boat to reach an English port for five years was given a civic reception at Avonmouth.

A letter from the Voluntary Women's Services describes the event.

The Mayor and the Corporation greeted the bananas, and a small girl who had never tasted one was invited on board to eat her first.

"The reports of what the little girl said vary, but it appears that she was not unduly excited by the taste."

"Probably it takes time and the slow eating of many bananas to enjoy them."

"The bananas are not in the shops yet. They have been stored away to ripen, and it is possible that London will not receive her quota until this month."

"When they do reach the greengrocers they will be sold only to children under 18."

"It is to be hoped that children show a little tact about the way they eat the fruit."

"Two or three winters ago when our diet was particularly monotonous a few oranges arrived. These were reserved for small children."

"I remember one small child who took her orange to the pictures and proceeded to eat it."

"Immediately every adult within smelling distance forgot the film and turned to take in the good smell of orange juice."

"Several women near the child leant forward and asked her for the peel to make some marmalade jam with."

MRS. J. J. LAMPORT, of Adelaide, had a dozen bushes loaded with outside, juicy tomatoes—all weighing nearly a pound. An Adelaide newspaper printed a paragraph about Mr. Lamport, his wonderful tomatoes, and the special methods used to produce them.

It also gave Mr. Lamport's address. The same night most of Mr. Lamport's tomatoes disappeared.

Each week as he flies over his family farm near Cardston, Saskatchewan, ferrying aircraft to the west coast, he drops his laundry, wrapped in a neat parcel.

His mother picks it up, washes and irons it, and then posts the clean batch of clothes to him.

Aerial Laundry

A CANADIAN airman, P/O. Bruce Waller, is making good peace-time use of his skill acquired as a Pathfinder pilot in the Royal Canadian Air Force serving over Europe.

Each week as he flies over his family farm near Cardston, Saskatchewan, ferrying aircraft to the west coast, he drops his laundry, wrapped in a neat parcel.

His mother picks it up, washes and irons it, and then posts the clean batch of clothes to him.

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SATIN GOWN for Lois Bateman when she weds Flight-Lieut. Clem Walsh, R.A.A.F., at St. Brigid's Church. Bride is daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. P. Bateman, of Yarmouk.



ADMIRING PRESENTS. From left, Mesdames A. Solansky, S. Gruska, and J. B. D. Pennink at their farewell party given at Usher's by Sydney Consular Corps. Their husbands have just completed terms as Consul-Generals.



INFORMAL PICTURE of newlywed Lieut. and Mrs. Keith Drayton through their window at Australia Hotel. Mrs. Drayton was formerly Jill Davidson, of Garneema, Tamworth. Keith comes from East Maitland.

Intimate Gossipings

THREE "best friends" who are all being married within a few days of each other are Margot McNiven, her cousin, Alba Callinan, and Joy Allen. There is much comparing of notes on trousseau shopping problems at the many parties given for them.

Margot and Alba will be bridesmaids at each other's wedding.

Margot, who is only daughter of the Arthur McNivens of Lindfield, Katoomba, will marry Dr. Alan Bailey, of Wollstonecraft, on March 4, at St. Mary's Cathedral.

Her bridesmaids will be Alba, Beryl Slingo, Caline Bailey, and Mrs. John McNiven.

Alba's marriage to Mr. William Camphin will take place on March 18, also at St. Mary's.

She will be attended by Dell White, Beverly Atkinson, Lorna White, and Margot. Also her sister, Nell Callinan, if she hasn't left by then for the States to marry Lieutenant Albert Rasmussen, U.S. Navy, in Florida.

Joy will be married on March 2 to Mr. Philip Malouf, at the Church of the Holy Family, Maroubra.



ENGAGEMENT ANNOUNCED. Miss Mona Cook, second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. S. Cook, of Vauchuse, and her fiancé, Lieut. Bruce Bowen, A.I.F., son of Commander and Mrs. Griffiths Bowen, also of Vauchuse.



FINISHING TOUCHES. Artists Yvonne Francart and Cedric Flower complete their gay mural in the reception room at Gleneagles.

CHEERY party at the David Baxters' home at Darling Point to celebrate return of their two nephews, Ralph Perrier, who was a prisoner of war in Singapore, and Rick O'Brien, just back from New Guinea. Mrs. Baxter tells me that party was postponed twice. Originally planned for December 12, lighting restrictions prevented it. Next date was in January, but as Rick hadn't arrived by then it was put off till last week. Guests included Mr. and Mrs. Bruce Bedgood, Mr. and Mrs. John Bovill, Lieut. and Mrs. Jim Welhen, Mrs. Pat Field, Marie Louise Stuart Doyle, and Mr. and Mrs. B. O'Connor.



AFTERNOON WEDDING. Lieut. (S.) Barrington Funnell, R.N.V.R., leaving St. Mary's with his bride, the former Claire Pritchard, daughter of the late H. G. Pritchard and Mrs. M. Pritchard, of Gunnedah. Bridegroom comes from Godalming, Surrey.



BRIDE Joy Allen (centre) with her bridesmaids (from left) Fifi Malouf, Yvonne Allen, Nancy Glasheen, and Joy Sobh. Miss Allen will marry Philip Malouf on March 2. Reception for 200 guests at Coogee Bay Hotel.

LOVELY gown of off-white figured satin worn by Fairlie Jean Lindsay, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. S. Lindsay, of Leichhardt, when she marries Mr. Roy G. Bourne, son of Mrs. A. Bourne, of Turramurra. Bridesmaid, Lorraine Nye, wears gown of ice-blue flat crepe. Best man is bridegroom's brother, Mr. Stan Bourne.

QUIET afternoon wedding last week for Mr. and Mrs. Gerald Norton Knight at All Saints', Woolahra. Mrs. Knight was formerly Molly Carey, second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Lionel Carey of Bowral, and the widow of Mr. Peter Norton Knight. She wears an informal frock of blue crepe with a curvette of blue to match. After the ceremony Lady Reading, her aunt, entertains members of the family at a small reception at her home.

ATTRACTIVE Dorothy Williams is spending a few weeks at Manly. She and her mother, Mrs. E. R. Williams, have taken a flat there. Dorothy has interesting job these days at UNRRA. Tells me she is busy seeing to travel arrangements for UNRRA workers being sent overseas. Says that fixing up passports and booking passages is making her anxious to do some more travelling herself.

POPULAR couple Mr. and Mrs. Robert Godsall, after round of farewells, leave Adelaide to make their home in Sydney. Mrs. Godsall and baby son James travel by car. Mrs. Kenneth Wills accompanies them as far as Sydney. Robert sails his yacht, assisted by Ken Horn, who is also Sydney bound. At end of February couple move into Dr. Godsall's house at Palm Beach. Until then they are guests of Mrs. Godsall's sister, Mrs. R. Griffin, at Double Bay.



COUNTRY WEDDING. Sgt. and Mrs. Roy Hefferman leaving St. John's Church, Canberra. Bride was Roma Dwyer, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. L. J. Dwyer, of Canberra. Groom is only son of Mr. and Mrs. Hefferman, Melbourne.

MR. and MRS. R. F. STEPHENS, of Leederville, W.A., are being congratulated on the birth of a son, Rodney Bruce. Before her marriage Mrs. Stephens was Nell Massey, and was attached to the nursing staff of Prince Henry Hospital.

PAUL PHILIPPE are the names chosen by Mr. and Mrs. Pierre Scamps of Gordon, for their second son. The baby will be christened shortly at St. Martin's Church, Killara. His godmother will be Mrs. Harold McGregor, of Adelaide. Mr. and Mrs. Scamps' other two children are Roger and Antoinette.

Joyce

WHEN David had gone, Miss Darlington carried the mug of flowers into the drawing-room.

As she put it down on a table her eyes strayed up to the portraits on the walls; the still, painted faces seemed to be watching her—little, lonely spinster, Enid Darlington—the last of them all. Hubert Darlington in his ruff; he had sailed the Spanish Main with Drake; eighteenth century Rodney, naturalist, explorer of tropical seas; Robert Darlington, Queen Anne's ambassador at the Venetian Court.

With a sigh she turned away. No, it couldn't be. She had been unaware of Ted, watching her from the door. Now he entered and she seated herself sedately and watched him lift the Bristol decanter from the antique silver tray and pour the sherry into the glasses.

After dinner—anxiously aware that youth must be entertained—she suggested a movie. So they walked, a short-cut across the fields, to the village.

The show had started when they took their seats, but when the lights went up after the first picture she sat forward, her eyes flitting over the people in the hall, the familiar Friday night audience—Hobbs the butcher, the young man from the bank, Dr. and Mrs. Maitland, workers from nearby farms, soldiers with their girls, the usual preponderance of urehins.

Then presently she became aware of a strange phenomenon; all the heads in the crowded small building seemed to be turned in her direction, the faces in the naked glare of the lights gazing her way. Good gracious, why were they all staring towards the row where she and Ted were sitting?

Spring Meeting

Continued from page 23

Startled, she threw a look over her shoulder. Was there something at the back there that she couldn't see? But no, there didn't seem to be anything there. Strange! It really did appear as though they were all looking at her and Ted, talking about them, pointing them out, staring. Well, really!

She glanced round at him. He was sitting unusually still and his face had gone red as though he, too, were uncomfortably aware of the interest they were creating.

Agitated, Miss Darlington whispered: "What is it, Ted? What can it be? They seem to be looking at us."

He shifted uneasily in his seat. "They certainly do," he mumbled. "Shall we beat it?"

But it wasn't so easy; for as they turned to go down the aisle people craned forward and some even stood up to catch a glimpse as they passed. Suddenly a small boy, followed by two others, darted out and held pencil and autograph book under Ted's nose.

Blushing scarlet he took the nearest book and hastily scrawled in it, while over his shoulder—in utter bewilderment she read the name: Edward Clements.

Edward Clements. . . Of course! Now she remembered! Now she knew. She had read that name before, only a day or two ago, in the newspaper. There had been a picture of him, too. She hadn't recognised it, but others hadn't been so dull. That little piece of ribbon that he wore hadn't meant anything to her.

Edward Clements, hero of an incident so brave that her heart had

beat with emotion as she read it. In an air battle over an East Coast town he had brought down two Messerschmitts, and though wounded himself—and with other members of his crew dead and wounded—had put out fires and fought off another enemy plane, showing such outstanding bravery and coolness that he had been awarded the highest honor his country could give.

This was the boy she had spoken to and taken home out of a kind of pity! Pride, homage, surged up in Enid Darlington's heart and quick tears shone in her eyes.

She wasn't the only one to feel this wave of emotion. Suddenly someone began to clap, everyone took it up, and the audience of Abbot's Lane Cross paid its tribute to the story of valor that never fails to thrill.

She was still trembling with excitement as they walked home in the darkness across the dew-wet fields. As though there were wine in her head she stumbled a little, holding Ted's arm.

When they got in she went straight to her room and Ted went out again for a stroll.

But she wasn't asleep when she heard him come in later, and at the same moment the telephone rang. He answered it, and she slipped on her dressing-gown and went to the top of the stairs.

"Is it for me, Ted?"

The receiver in his hand, he looked at her. "No, it's for me, Miss Darlington. Seems to be a bloke from the local paper. He seems to be wanting a story."

The smile on Miss Darlington's

face as she went back to bed was oddly motherly, possessive.

It was eleven o'clock next morning before the local weekly paper was left at the manor. She hadn't seen Ted. He had had his breakfast and gone out by the time she came down rather late for her tea and toast.

She picked up the paper and took it into the drawing-room, and there—seated below Romney's portrait of Admiral Sir Almeric Darlington—read the story that equalled even his triumphs in Nelson's battles.

Then suddenly, as her eye went down the column, the print began to dance before her eyes. No, no, she must be dreaming! Ted—David Massey's son! It couldn't be true! Her eyes ate up the words: David's early marriage and speedy divorce twenty-three years ago in Sydney—the boy had taken his stepfather's name—now his mother was dead, and Ted, stationed with the R.A.A.F. in England, had come down to Abbot's Lane Cross to look up the father whom he had never known.

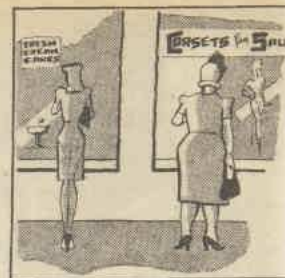
At last the paper dropped to her lap, and she sat quite still, facing the open window. Something was happening inside her, something that seemed to be taking hold of her everyday world and twisting it into new shapes. New ideas, new values were thrusting out the old.

David and Ted—these were the men whom future generations would look up to; the men who were making history to-day. Years hence Ted's portrait—and maybe his father's—would hang on the wall . . . ancestors to be proud of . . . as distinguished as her own . . .

She rose and walked slowly up and down the long room under the massive gold-framed portraits.

And she had thought herself too good to marry David Massey! Throwing away happiness, letting the dead overshadow the living, like some primitive ancestor-worshipper in the grip of a meaningless taboo.

Perhaps it was only coincidence that so many people passed that way this morning, and, happening



to pass, dropped in to see Miss Darlington and discuss the great event. By twelve o'clock when David and Ted came in the drawing-room was crowded and the last few bottles of wine were flowing quite rashly. It was like a reception for two celebrities. Across the room Miss Darlington lifted a hand trembling with excitement to greet them, and Ted came straight over to her.

"You're not angry with me, are you? I couldn't tell you my secret till I'd been over and seen Dad last night. I had to be sure he wanted to own me."

That morning—for the first time, perhaps, in the family annals—a Darlington was not the centre of an Abbot's Lane Cross social gathering.

Standing a little apart, flushed and bright-eyed, she watched friends and neighbors clustering round David, congratulating him on his famous son.

As though feeling her gaze on him David came over, took her hand, and looked down at her.

Her eyes, alive with a new happiness, flashed her message to him.

Across the room Dr. Maitland had lifted his glass.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he was saying, "I suggest we drink the health of David Massey, our old friend, and Ted, our new one."

David didn't let go her hand. He knew the moment was his, and he wasn't going to let it escape him.

Facing round he said: "Thanks, doctor. And I'd like you to include in that toast our hostess—Ted's future stepmother."

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WHY DOES YOUR UNIFORM LOOK SO MUCH WHITER THAN MY FROCK?



YES!
Persil
GIVES THE
WHITEST WASH



Other "whites" look grey and dingy by the side of Persil whiteness. Persil gives the whitest wash of all. Through and through every stitch go millions of lively, oxygen-charged suds. And they gently coax out stains and grime till there isn't any more to coax. Nothing else can equal that glorious, frosty whiteness, because nothing washes as clean as Persil.

Australian pianist plays for Windsors

By BETTY WILSON from Paris

Eddie Cahill, Australian-born pianist, who has spent the past six years in Switzerland, is now in Paris.

He has given his first public recital here since 1934, and has played privately for the Duke and Duchess of Windsor.

IN Switzerland Eddie Cahill stayed with Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Sieger at their house at Montreux, where they entertained many Australian soldiers who escaped from Germany and Italy.

Practically all British and Australian soldiers who escaped to Montreux were guests at the Siegers'. Mr. Cahill gave concerts to raise money for their welfare, and when the first batch of Australians got through he gave a special recital to raise money to provide comfortable beds for them instead of palisades.

Both the late John Curtin and

Mr. Menzies, when Prime Minister, cabled Mr. Cahill congratulating him on the work he was doing for Australian and British troops.

He also raised money for the British Red Cross, and for French, Dutch, Swiss, and Polish societies working for refugees.

"During the whole war," he said, "I have never made as much as a postage stamp for myself."

Eddie Cahill, who came originally from Brisbane, was a protégé of Melba, for whom he played in 1917.

He left Australia on his first world tour in 1923. He was accompanied by George Brooke, tenor, who died in Melbourne in 1930.

In 1940 he was packing to return to France from Italy when news came of Germany's invasion of Belgium and Holland, and as a result he stayed for the duration in Switzerland.

He hopes to return to Australia next year.

Now in Paris he is busy meeting old friends. One of them is Lady Michelham, a relative of Lord Dudley, former Australian Governor-General.

Lady Michelham has a suite at the Ritz, and has given several parties for him. At one of these parties he met the Duke and Duchess of Windsor.

The Duke talked about Australia to Mr. Cahill, and said that he would very much like to visit the Commonwealth again.

"He looks much older," said Mr. Cahill, "but still has all the charm he had as a young man."



EDDIE CAHILL, Queensland-born pianist, hopes to revisit Australia next year.

Continuing . . . Brief Heaven

from page 9

"YES, sir," said Jim. They all drifted meekly from the room and gently closed the door. At once their meekness vanished. "That's the girl!" Jim whispered hoarsely, and slapped Jerry on the back. The sleepy-faced man slapped Jim on the back. Then Jim kissed Claudia on both cheeks, and Jerry pushed the sleepy-faced man in the stomach, rather awkwardly, but very happily.

"Good-bye," said Claudia. Nobody paid any attention to her. They swung down the passage, back to the little smoke-filled cubby-hole, and Claudia kept on walking. Even Jerry didn't pay any attention to her. He was like a little boy who was at last allowed to play with the big boys.

She couldn't find her way out. She opened the wrong door and said, "Excuse me," and closed the door very quickly. Eventually she found her way to the lift, past the crowds of people who were waiting.

As she reached the street door a sense of complete unreality surrounded her. "Let me see," she thought. "I was on my way to the station when this happened." She glanced at her watch. It was already six o'clock. "I'd better go to Julia and Hartley's after all," she decided.

Julia was in Scotland and Hartley was in the Midlands, but the household ran on just the same as if they were at home. The slightly lame maid knew Claudia, and was glad of a little company. She led the way up the lovely curved staircase to the guestroom.

"Will you have a tray of supper up here, Miss Claudia, or would you care to eat in the dining-room?"

"Up here," said Claudia. "I'll have a bath and hop straight into bed."

It was a delicious supper. She couldn't help thinking of David frying chops for the children and washing up afterwards. "The place will be a mess when I get home," she thought, wincing away from the images that crowded untidily into her mind.

Staying at Hartley and Julia's overnight was the worst possible thing for her to do. It laid her open to the theatre germ. She would have been perfectly all right if she had gone straight home, where she belonged. She'd have been so busy cooking dinner that she wouldn't have had the time to imagine herself a great star, with bath towels as big as sheets and as thick as a fleece lining.

It had been sheer heaven to roll herself in one of them, without worrying about the laundry bill. Julia's bathroom was very becoming to her, anyway. She looked very nice, she decided. No one would ever have thought she had been married almost eight years, with two children. Why had she been so quick to turn her back on the chance to read the part of Cornelia?

"Lucy came in for the tray. Is there anything else, Miss Claudia?"

"Nothing, thank you," said Claudia.

Lucy lingered a little, and asked about David and the children.

Eventually, however, she departed for the night, and Claudia picked up the telephone from the bedside table and rang David. She wanted to tell him about meeting Jerry Seymour and Mr. Goldheart, but suddenly she changed her mind. His voice sounded too lonely.

"What train are you catching in the morning?" he asked.

"Twelve o'clock. I'll have sandwiches on the train."

"Good!" said David. "I'll be waiting for you."

"I bet you missed me," she said. "It's been awful," he confessed. "The whole place misses you."

"That's that," said Claudia aloud, as she hung up the receiver. She pulled Julia's soft white blankets up to her chin and lay staring at the ceiling.

David was standing, when the train rolled in the next day, exactly where he had waved good-bye the day before, and Matthew was clinging to his hand, as if they had never moved from the spot, but had just stood waiting for her to come back.

"Your face is so nice and cold," she said as she kissed him. "And you smell like the dairy."

"Thanks," he said. "It's a compliment," she informed him, "of a most superior kind. No-

body I met in town smelt of one little bit of a dairy, poor dears. How is Bobby, by the way?"

"He's got shellshock," said David. "From wearing his brown shirt for school again."

Claudia laughed and got round to Matthew, who stood staring at her with his cap too far down over his forehead, in need of a mother's care.

"No kiss?" she asked him, prettying him up a little.

He looked embarrassed.

"Come, come, I haven't been away as long as that," she said. She hugged him. "The crocuses will be up before we know it."

"What kind of a non-sequitur is that?" asked David. "I brought the lorry down. I had to pick up some crates at the station. I hope you don't mind."

"The lorry is my favorite limousine," she said. "Did we sell the car?"

"No, but we cut the lambs' tails," said David, as they got into the lorry.

"Don't mind the kitchen," he warned her, as they turned into it some time later.

"I know," she said.

She tackled the washing-up first, and after that the sitting-room floor and the beds, which would have looked tidier had he left them unmade, and started a split-pea soup for supper. The bus lumbered up to the door at four o'clock. The dog barked. A door slammed. Bobby was home.

He was so glad to see her that all he could say was: "Why don't we have tangerines any more?"

She thought about it.

"I don't really know," she said.

He sniffed the air, scowling.

"It's split-pea soup. Why do we have to have split-pea soup all the time?"

"Because it's a lot of nourish-

ment," she said, "in one fell swoop!"

"Where's Dad?"

"In the chicken-house."

He kissed her for the first time.

"I must do my job," he said.

"Good-bye," she said.

The telephone bell rang. It was a trunk call. She didn't care, because everybody was at home. She wouldn't have cared if it were a telegram. It was like having all your possessions in a single suitcase.

David appeared while she was waiting for the call to come through. "Who is it?" he asked.

"For you, I suppose. I don't know. Better get on the other line and listen."

It took a little time for the connection to be made, so they talked to each other, feeling that they were getting a great bargain.

"You don't think something could go hay-wire, and we'd be charged?" Claudia asked in sudden apprehension.

"Certainly," said David.

"I want to speak to Mrs. Naughton," a voice intruded from nowhere. "Mrs. Claudia Naughton."

She recognised the voice immediately. He had no right to make her sound like a widow.

"This is Mrs. David Naughton," she corrected him.

"Well, this is Jerry Seymour. Where'd you disappear to yesterday?"

She could literally see David's ears go up, but there was nothing to do about it, so she gave Jerry a perfectly forthright answer.

"I slept at my sister-in-law's, and then I came back to the country."

"Well, I wish you'd stayed," he told her. "Sam wants to see you again tomorrow at eleven."

What's on your mind?

Female labor shortage

THE shortage of female labor is seriously prejudicing the employment of men on their return from overseas and discharge from the Services.

In quite a number of industries the initial part of manufacture is fulfilled by women as machinists. The dearth of women employees is a serious matter as regards employment of men.

In our business there are thirty machines idle. If these were working we could employ another twelve men. We have the orders. All we need is machinists.

The discrimination of women to do this work will in the end react against their own interests. If their menfolk cannot find employment, it will seriously affect the women's future happiness.

It is often a fallacy to imagine that in all industries if women cease work there will be more work for men.

to F. L. Davis, Chapmans Pty. Ltd., Sussex St., Sydney.

Amateur carpenters' clubs

A SOLUTION for the furniture shortage, causing present-day brides so much anguish, would be the formation in towns and suburbs of amateur carpenters' clubs.

All carpenters and cabinet-makers are busy men these days, but many



would give up one or two nights a week to teaching a class the finer points of their trade, charging a fee, of course, for instruction.

This fee, plus cost of materials, would still be cheaper than factory-made articles, even when they are procurable.

to Mrs. D. Cameron, Box 32, Bombala, N.S.W.

READERS are invited to write to this column, expressing their opinions on current events. Address your letters, which should not exceed 200 words in length, to "What's On Your Mind?" c/o The Australian Women's Weekly, at the address given at the top of page 17. All letters must bear the full name and address of the writer, and only in exceptional circumstances will letters be published above pen-name.

Payment of £1 will be made for the first letter used, and 5/- for others.

The editor cannot enter into any correspondence with writers in this column, and unused letters cannot be returned.

Letters published do not necessarily express the views of The Australian Women's Weekly.

Prefers skeins

I DISAGREE with the preference of Mrs. L. J. Tierney (26/1/46) for balls of wool. I think balls of wool seem to have lost all the stretch and make lifeless-looking garments. I knit and crochet full time with wool; but never use balls. I hope skeins are always procurable in all shades.

to Mary R. Jones, Toowoomba Rd., Rosewood, Qld.

Narrow necks a curse

COULDN'T glassmakers produce more practical containers? It is impossible to get all the mayonnaise, honey, or sauce out of narrow-necked jars. The most practical jar is straight-sided, with a wide top so that the hand will fit inside to clean it out thoroughly.

to Mrs. H. Ruff, 15 Redmyre Rd., Strathfield, N.S.W.

Badly finished

LET us have better finishing-off in ready-made clothes. Armholes and seams are often left raw, and there is barely enough material left to overcast them, if one wants tidy garments.

Surely manufacturers could include this little bit extra when everything is such a high price.

to Mrs. J. Brook, Eudunda, S.A.

A question of health

IT is most unhygienic to have to drink cordials in public cafes without straws. Glasses used by the previous customer are sometimes only rinsed in cold water.

It is a pity the health authorities do not pay more attention to this matter and thus reduce the risk of mouth diseases being contracted.

to Miss M. Bennett, Jericho, Qld.

Pantry pride is vanishing

MOST plans for modern homes do not include a pantry.

A pantry is a necessity, particularly in the country, where stores are purchased weekly or in bulk. Pride in her pantry was once a housewife's virtue. It is now vanishing.

to Miss M. E. McLean, 5 Lambert St., Ararat, Vic.

Becoming hats

IT would be a good idea if millinery saleswomen were taught the art of correctly suiting the



diffident woman who mistrusts her own judgment.

A tactful, interested assistant would not allow middle-aged and elderly women to buy the awful hats they do. She would soon please clients and be an asset to her firm.

to Elizabeth Griffiths, 17 Alma Rd., Caulfield, Vic.

Tanks for city homes

EVERY city postwar home should have a rainwater tank. People would have better drinking water and millions of gallons of water, now wasted, would be saved. Then rationing in drought times would be unnecessary.

to Mrs. E. Crotty, Edgeroi Station, T.P.O.3, North-West, N.S.W.

"So you didn't tell me," he said slowly, "because you thought I might be hurt."

"I didn't tell you," she said, "because plays aren't cast like that, and if they were, I couldn't do Cornelia, anyway."

"Why not?"

"Because. Don't be silly. Who'd take care of you and the children?"

"You'd be earning enough to get a housekeeper."

"I'd have to have a housekeeper to take care of the housekeeper," she said.

"You must think," he continued, like someone putting nails into his own coffin, "that we're millionaires to throw away fifty pounds a week."

"Thirty. Don't exaggerate."

"Fifty," he insisted. "You'll have a call from Sam himself to-morrow, offering you fifty. What do you want to be?"

"I bet you're right," she said. "I bet anything that that's exactly the way that plays are cast."

They didn't talk about it again. He helped her wash up after supper. He said: "This towel is sopping. Where's a dry one?"

"Leave it," she told him. "I have only two cups left to do and the frying-pan. I'll do them with a bath towel."

"You'll get toothache," he warned her.

"I won't dry them at all, then. We need them for breakfast, anyway."

She turned them face down on the draining-board and said, "Come on."

"Where?" he asked.

"Sit with me while I iron. Bobby must have a white shirt for to-morrow."

"The cord is busted," David reminded her.

She'd forgotten about the cord. Life was getting complicated all over again.

"Lucy's not doing one thing at this minute," she rebelled.

"Who's Lucy?"

"Julia's maid."

"Oh," said David. He opened the cupboard and took out a package and tossed it to her. "I got you a new cord," he said a little sheepishly.

She was duly appreciative. He set up the ironing-board for her. She dumped the shirt in puddles, and had a bad time round the collar.

"I adore ironing," she said.

"That's because you do it well," said David.

Bobby appeared with his arithmetic book. He said: "I'm hungry."

"You've just had supper," said Claudia.

"You're ironing my shirt," he discovered with pleasure.

"Let the cat out and the dog in," said Claudia.

David said suddenly: "We could get Bertha back. She always said she'd come if we ever needed her."

"Why do we need her?" asked Bobby.

"Because your mother is going to be a great actress," said David.

"And your father," Claudia took up softly, "has just built a great cathedral."

"I can't see a cathedral," said Bobby, a little annoyed.

"That's because you're part of it," said Claudia.

She had a feeling that marriage was like that—the slow, careful building of one day upon another. She draped the damp, warm shirt across Bobby's arm.

"Go and put it in the airing cupboard, and don't crumple it," she adjured him.

Claudia took the plug out of the iron and folded the cord. David stopped at her.

"This way, not that way," he showed her severely.

"Oh, shut up!" she said. She put her arms round him. "Did I forget to say 'Thank you' for it?" she whispered.

He held her tighter and tighter, and then he let her go.

"It's time all good farmers should be in bed," she said.

"So it is," he agreed. "It's quite eight o'clock."

They walked upstairs together. It didn't matter whether Sam Goldheart telephoned or not, not even the fortunes of life could spoil what they had. Anything could happen, any time, at any moment. It was nice to be able to say, "Come on and happen!"

To be continued

*Once we were like this...
can we bring it back?*

The story of a wife
who overcame shame
and hate . . . who
stilled her fury and
fled from her past . . .
to love again and
live again with the
man she had married.

This Love of Ours

starring

PIRANDELLO'S dramatic classic reaches full greatness on the screen!

MERLE OBERON CLAUDE RAINS CHARLES KORVIN

A
**UNIVERSAL
PICTURE**

with **CARL ESMOND • SUE ENGLAND • JESS BARKER
RALPH MORGAN • FRITZ LEIBER • HARRY DAVENPORT**

Screenplay by Bruce Manning, John Klorer and Leonard Lee • Based upon
the play entitled "Come Prima Meglio De Prima" by Luigi Pirandello

Directed by
WILLIAM DIETERLE
Produced by
HOWARD BENEDICT

Film Reviews

★★★ THIS HAPPY BREED

IMPECCABLE casting, grand technicolor, and the ability of Noel Coward as the author make this British film released by Fox tops in entertainment.

The simplicity of the story, which tells of the life of a middle-class London family from World War I to 1939, has a human appeal which holds the interest throughout.

The main burden of acting falls on Robert Newton as Frank Gibbons, and he gets every ounce of effect from every line. Celia Johnson as his wife is equally good. It is hard to believe that they are acting. John Mills, Stanley Holloway, Kay Walsh, and Allison Leggatt all combine to make a film which is as British as a good, healthy helping of roast-beef and apple-pie.—*Equipe*: showing.

★★ JANIE

WARNERS' diverting comedy of a small-town sub-deb, and the effect upon her social life of an Army contingent, is delightfully handled by fresh-faced newcomer Joyce Reynolds as "Janie." Robert Hutton's young soldier and Clare Foley's irritating small sister are nicely cast. And Edward Arnold, Ann Harding, and Robert Benchley make suitably harried adult relations.—*Mayfair*: showing.

★ NAUGHTY 'NINETIES

ABBOTT and Costello board a showboat in the 'nineties, rescue Captain Henry Travers from plotting gamblers, and put over the same old gags in the same old way. The boys certainly need new material. Others present include Alan Curtis, Rita Johnson.—*Capitol*: showing.

★ PILLOW TO POST

IDA LUPINO and Sydney Greenstreet taking an unhappy holiday from drama, share this dated and trivial comedy.

Based upon the wartime shortage of accommodation near Army camps, the story makes Ida masquerade as the wife of William Prince's lieutenant, in order to get a room. Greenstreet is the censorious camp colonel, and Stuart Erwin, with Ruth Donnelly, provides some labored humor.—*Empire*: showing.



GLAMOR GIRL meets glamor girl. Rita Hayworth entertains Shirley Temple on the set of Columbia's "Gilda" shortly after Shirley (Mrs. John Agar, jun.) returned from her honeymoon.

His tour of Britain exhausted this new star

By BILL STRUTTON from London.

TALL, dark, and rugged Michael Rennie, Britain's new idol, is just recuperating from an exhausting personal appearance tour—on which his tie, handkerchiefs, collar, and shirtcuffs were wrenched from his person by mobbing English girls.

Rennie, with a rueful grin, told me yesterday, "They are now starting to swoon, a la Sinatra."

One pretty fan begged him for a photograph of himself, took a long look at the picture, then fainted.

The films which aroused this adoration of Rennie are "I'll Be Your Sweetheart," a period musical with Margaret Lockwood, and "The Wicked Lady," in which he loses Margaret Lockwood to the sinister spell of James Mason's highwayman.

Gainsborough Studio, regarding Rennie as its top bet for 1946, will star him with Phyllis Calvert as soon as a suitable film can be found.



LATEST PORTRAIT of Michael Rennie, England's newest masculine star.

SCOTLAND YARD'S famous emergency telephone number, "999," is the title for British National's film of the crime wave now sweeping England. The picture is a challenge to America's former monopoly of slick gangster yarns, with cameras focused on London's underworld of black market racketeers and crooks, and the dock of The Old Bailey.

FASCINATING hobby of the rector of St. Mary's Church, Denham, is helping to direct films showing religious services. He has just finished advising on Dickens' "Great Expectations," which includes a funeral service among its sequences. The rector "directed"

the church service in "One of Our Aircraft is Missing," which was filmed in his church, which dates back to William the Conqueror.

Bob Newton prefers staying home

By Airmail from our London correspondent

Popular English stage and film star Robert Newton is one of the few actors for whom Hollywood has no allure.

IN 1938 and again in 1945 he turned down lucrative offers of Hollywood contracts.

Forty years old, and not the handsome type, popular Bob Newton has crammed a lot of jobs into his life.

The one for which he probably received the least pay was his World

War II Royal Navy service, when he enlisted and served as an able seaman for two and a half years.

He was given a medical discharge in 1943.

Few actors have had a more varied stage and film career.

Born in Cornwall, Bob went on the stage at 14, and appeared in many repertory shows, till he suddenly decided to try outdoor life and went to Canada.

He worked on a cattle ranch for a year, and then returned to England and went on the stage.

He played with Gladys Cooper in "The Letter" and with Tallulah Bankhead in "Cardboard Lover." Then he went to America and appeared in Noel Coward's "Private Lives," on Broadway.

When he returned to England he went into one stage success after another, and had an interesting interlude as actor-manager at the Grand Theatre, Fulham.

Eighteen months ago he returned to the British stage, and played the role of Slim Grison in the hard-boiled version of James Hadley Chase's thriller, "No Orchids for Miss Blandish." At the same time Bob renewed his film career.

His splendid portrayal of the role of Frank Gibbons in Noel Coward's technicolor film, "This Happy Breed," brought further fame to the actor, his reward being the part of Pistol in "Henry V," starring Laurence Olivier.

At the end of 1945, while he was completing the starring role in "Night Boat to Dublin," in which he takes the part of a British intelligence officer tracking down Nazi atom bomb spies, Newton was offered ten thousand pounds sterling to go to Hollywood to play opposite Paulette Goddard.

He refused the contract, giving as his main reason that the notice was too short.

His next film for Two Cities will be "Great Expectations," an adaptation of Dickens' novel.

ANNA NEAGLE, one of the keenest buyers at the London spring fashion collections, is choosing frocks for her new film, "Piccadilly Incident," to be directed by her husband, Herbert Wilcox. Anna likes best the collection of designer Victor Stiebel. The star herself, one of the best-dressed women in London, is softly feminine in her taste, with a love for flower-trimmed hats and veiling. Her favorite accessory, however, is an outsize pair of diamond Air Force wings—about a handspan from wingtip to wingtip—which glitters in the lapel of every suit she wears.

EXOTIC French star Marta Labarr, who is familiar to pre-war fans through Jack Buchanan's "Second Bureau" and "Break the News," is back in London on her way to join a British location unit in Rome. She will star in John Stafford's "Three Came to Babylon," the first all-British film to be made in Italy.

During the war Marta sang in Paris music-halls, annoyed German officers with sly anti-Nazi jibes concealed in verses which they couldn't understand.

ALTHOUGH Gracie Fields is threatening to retire to her villa on Capri, to make wine from her own grapes and watch husband Monty Banks cook spaghetti in his cafe, she admitted on her flying two-and-a-half-day visit to England that a good film offer would tempt her. Gracie is off to Greece, to entertain the Tommies, has an American radio contract for three months, is planning a "Farewell tour" of Britain for charity, and is considering an invitation to sing in Rome; but no film offers are coming up.

I CAN'T HELP MY UGLY LOOKS! GRITTY CLEANSERS THAT SCRAPE THINGS CLEAN RUIN PRECIOUS POTS AND PANS IN NO TIME



Clean Smoothly with VIM NEVER SCRATCHES

YOU'D NEVER GUESS MY REAL AGE CAUSE SMOOTH CLEANING WITH VIM'S FINE SOAP-COATED PARTICLES KEEPS ME NEW-LOOKING!



Vm.6.32

IF HER POWDER PUFF COULD TALK . . .

MY DEAR, YOUR SKIN IS GETTING BLOTCHY, UNATTRACTIVE. AND DO I SEE A BLACKHEAD?



Powder can only mask ugly skin faults. Clear them right away with

Rexona MEDICATED SOAP

AND THEN

I LOVE TO BE NEAR YOU SALLY—YOUR SKIN IS SO LOVELY



THINKS: I'D NEVER HAVE HEARD THOSE WORDS FROM BILL IF REXONA HADN'T HELPED MY SKIN!



If your powder puff could talk would it complain of coarse pores, blotchiness, a drab complexion? Avoid these faults with regular use of Rexona Medicated Soap. Rexona with its special medication floats out any poisons and makes skin fresh and youthful. Keep your skin tuisable, naturally lovely with Rexona.

10¢ PER TABLET
REXONA SOAP CONTAINS CADYL, an exclusive Rexona Compound comprising Oils of Clove, Cassia, Cloves, Tarablnth and Boronl Acetate—all recognized valuable Skin Medicaments.

X.46.24

Van Johnson loves being popular

By cable from CHRISTINE WEBB in Hollywood

Van Johnson's recent visit to Washington to help the Anti-Infantile Paralysis campaign proved his popularity bigger than ever.

Amazing scenes of screaming and fainting bobby-sockers marked the arrival of the Hollywood train, when the 6ft. 2in. freckled star was mobbed.

I WAS so impressed by this latest demonstration of the "Van Johnson craze" that I decided the time had come for me to interview the idol in person.

Since Van loves meeting people, and is still genuinely amazed by his immense popularity, it was not difficult to arrange an appointment.

The star's house was recently sold over his head—and we had our talk in the cosy little bar of the Beverly Hills Hotel, where he is staying.

The 29-year-old, broad-shouldered star, who was fiercely chewing gum, greeted me like a long-lost sister, and talked to me in the same way. "Am I speaking too loudly? Everybody is looking over here," he commented anxiously in the first couple of minutes.

He honestly believed that people were not staring simply because he is Van Johnson; his naivete is refreshing.

But no shyness kept him from chewing gum.

When I mentioned the habit, Van grinned and replied that he loved it.

"I start chewing the first thing in the morning after brushing my teeth. Kids have been grand about it; and, when gum was almost im-

possible to get during the war, gave it to me—they saved up."

Van is not handsome by ordinary standards; but his blue eyes glow with sincerity and friendliness.

He affects a typical Hollywood carelessness in dress.

His favorite outfit consists of slacks, a sweater, a "loner" jacket, and sloppy Mexican sandals.

He made me feel the quality of the fleecy yellow sweater he was wearing, and proudly added that it was a gift from a fan-club.

"Gosh, it thrills me all over to think people are doing nice things for me. It makes me feel warm inside. It is nice to be liked," he said.

He feels a great responsibility towards his fans and is always terrified that when kids gather to glimpse him someone might get hurt.

A combination of Swedish ancestry and New England upbringing gave Van the determination which finally placed him at the top in Hollywood, but there is no stubbornness in his make-up. Everybody in the studio likes him, and his modestly understanding willingness to co-operate makes this completely understandable.

Van is completely enthralled with picture-making and has always wanted to be a movie star. As a child his idols were Clark Gable



VAN JOHNSON, who has a passion for gramophone records, relaxes after a day in the studio.

and Spencer Tracy, and the fact that he works with them now fills him with awe.

He thinks that Greta Garbo is the greatest actress of them all, and says young actresses should study her technique if they want to get to the top and stay there.

When he spoke of Irene Dunne a note of reverence crept into his voice and he said, "She is a great lady."

Van had three Hollywood tries before Metro finally gave him a chance to prove himself. He was tested by RKO, Columbia, and Warner, and each time he was sent back to an unspectacular Broadway musical career. Just before leaving town the third time he was spotted in a restaurant by MGM's talent head, and was told to report to MGM the following day. He started his career at that studio in "Crime Does Not Pay" shorts—as once did Robert Taylor and others.

Van was an extra in "Somewhere I'll Find You," which co-starred Clark Gable and Lana Turner, but he never even met the stars. That time, however, he did meet Keenan Wynn, who became his best friend.

Then he appeared in "The War Against Mrs. Hadley," "Pilot No. Five," two of the Doctor Gillespie films, and finally got his big chance in "A Guy Named Joe."

Van was driving to the studio with Keenan Wynn and his wife (shortly after "A Guy Named Joe" had begun shooting), when they had an automobile crash.

Van was almost scalped, and his injuries included so many deep

wounds (you can still see the forehead scars) that it looked as if his career was over.

Irene Dunne insisted, however, that the production of "A Guy Named Joe" should be held up until he recovered. No wonder he worships her.

Recently a mob of teen-agers arrived at Metro with their foreheads stamped with "I Love Van Johnson." Van treated them as personal friends and bought them coca-colas at the studio restaurant and took them sightseeing, leaving every minute of it.

Said Van, "Imagine their coming out just to see me. Gosh, it's nice to be liked."

When stars buy frocks for the stork

By a Hollywood correspondent

One of the most interesting of all Hollywood's stores is Julian Young's swank "Anticipation Shop" in Beverly Hills.

ALL the glamor girls who are having babies buy their maternity dresses from Young.

His customers have included Deanna Durbin, Judy Garland, Dorothy Lamour, Gloria de Haven, and now Jinx Falkenburg.

Young designs his maternity dresses in six styles—the most popular being a wrap-around model with a side drape and a low V-neckline.

Gloria de Haven, when she was expecting her baby daughter, Kathryn Hope Payne, who arrived on New Year's Day, ordered this style in 20 different colors.

But on the evening that Hollywood feted Admiral Halsey, Gloria called up Julian Young, and, weeping into the telephone, said that she had not a thing to wear.

"I have a pair of long brown gloves; can you make me a matching, formal maternity dress in time for the banquet to-night?" Gloria added.

Young did so, in four hours, but says he never wants to go through anything like that again.

Many of the stars are shy about Gloria. Judy Garland refused to visit the shop personally, and sent her secretary instead.

Mrs. Charles Boyer (English actress Pat Patterson) made her great friend, Mrs. Adolphe Menjou, visit the shop—on the pretext that Mrs. Menjou was "shopping for a friend in the East."

Dorothy Lamour Howard, whose baby son is some two months old, ordered a formal frock, too, for a special radio appearance.

When Veronica Lake (Mrs. Andre de Toth) was expecting her small



ALANA LADD poses with proud father, Alan Ladd.

son, she would spend hours in the store talking about babies to other customers.

Although Lucille Ball, wife of Cuban Desi Arnaz, is not expecting a baby, she is so keen on a family that she has made designer Young promise to design clothes for her some time in the future.

Lucille has already picked out the name for her baby—or rather twin babies—"Deel Junior, and Susan, after my best friend, Susan Peters."

Twins run in her family, Lucille explains. Most husbands shy away from the "Anticipation Shop" or at least wait outside in the car.

Alan Ladd, however, always came in with his wife Sue Carol; and after daughter Alana was born gave the shop their photograph with this inscription:

"To Julian, who helped to have our baby."

Happy Rita Hayworth interested in Tony Martin

By cable from VIOLA MacDONALD in Hollywood

ITA Hayworth, back from her Palm Springs holiday, and wearing a beautiful mahogany suntan, shook hands with 200 people at Columbia's Press cocktail party this week—and successfully parried all questions about her divorce from Orson Welles.

The current man in Rita's life seems to be singer Tony Martin, her frequent escort to our gayest nightclubs.

But Rita refuses to tell even her dearest friends whether she will divorce Orson Welles; whether he will divorce her; or whether their present separation will just drift on.

Certainly, the star, her suntan setting off her dramatic black suit, looked both calm and happy at the party, which was held at Colony House, a smart Beverly Hills restaurant.

Her only rival in looks was blonde Anita Louise, who looked stunning in a pale green frock and a Dache model hat trimmed with green and silver sequins.

CHARLES BOYER'S French research library is being used extensively by Fox for research on Parisian modes and manners. Charles started the project as an aid to University students interested in French literature and history, and now plans a new building of French design which he is erecting at his own expense in order to better acquaint Americans with French culture. Boyer is busy playing a comedy role in Fox's "Cluny Brown," with Jennifer Jones.

YOU will see Greer Garson playing a dual role in MGM's "The Chimes of Bruges" soon. The star will be both a regal beauty and a carefree English stage actress in the drama, which has a continental setting.

BASIL RATHBONE plans long-distance travelling between his home and his job. He is buying a house in New York, and will dash backwards and forwards to Hollywood making Sherlock Holmes films for Universal.

POPULAR director Sam Wood, who is in hospital with pneumonia, was visited this week by Ginger Rogers, Pierre Aumont, and Gary Cooper. Sam directed Gary in "Saraloga Trunk," and Ginger and Pierre in RKO's "Heartbeat."

I SAW Laraine Day trying on blue jeans overalls in a local department store, and learned that she was buying them for a party she is giving next week. "It is going to be an evening of old-fashioned square dances. I have invited 50 couples, who will all wear overalls or Western costumes; and we are decorating the playroom to look like a barn."

ALTHOUGH he is 80, veteran actor Harry Davenport is learning new tricks that fascinate his young leading lady, Margaret O'Brien. For scenes in their picture, "Three Wise Fools," Harry plays an elderly pixie, and has to wiggle his ears. Says he: "I am an old dog learning new tricks."

AUSTRALIAN director John Farrow says he will make a 16-millimetre film as part of the Canadian Government recreational programme, titled "How to Sail." Farrow, who was a Commander in the Canadian Navy, should know the answer.

IRENE DUNNE, who is at present working on "Anna and the King of Siam," told me casually, "To-day they are transplanting the river from the back lot on to the sound-stage because so many players contracted flu while working outside in the cold."

The old outdoor river was used in scenes for "The Rains Came," the new interior set will show Irene arriving in Siam by boat. The project will cost the studio 40,000 dollars—but this is cheaper, executives say, than paying the costs for players absent through illness.

Already, flu has held up "Anna and the King of Siam" for weeks.

LOUELLA PARSONS, husband Doctor Harry Martin, Bobe Daniels, and Hal Roach celebrated their joint birthdays at Louis Mayer's party. Three birthday cakes were presented. Dr. Martin had to share his wife's.

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Drama of the Spanish Main . . .



1 DUTCHMAN Laurent (Paul Henreid) turns pirate. He captures a galleon and forces Spanish Francisca (Maureen O'Hara) to marry him aboard the ship.



2 BETRAYED by his lieutenant, Da Bilal (John Emery), Laurent is captured by other pirates, led by Anne Bonny (Binnie Barnes), who is jealous of Francisca.



3 EXPECTING that Spanish Governor Don Juan Alvarado (Walter Slezak) will reward her, Anne Bonny is amazed when he orders her to be sent to gaol.



4 AFTER ESCAPING from Tortuga, Laurent goes to Cartagena. He finds that Don Juan expects to marry Francisca, not knowing that she is already Laurent's wife.



5 WHEN Laurent plans to release his friends from the gaol, the Spanish guards attack them, and Anne Bonny is killed in an attempt to shield Laurent.



6 AFTER a fierce fight, Laurent frees his friends, and Don Juan dies from a knife wound. Laurent and his bride set sail to start a new life together away in the Carolinas.

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SET in the days when buccaneers challenged Spain's claims in the Caribbean Sea, RKO's technicolor film, "The Spanish Main," stars Paul Henreid as a gentleman pirate, Maureen O'Hara as a Spanish beauty, and Walter Slezak as the brutal Governor of New Granada. A full-sized Spanish galleon and a seventeenth-century brig were built for the film.

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This smart suit with its up-to-the-minute fashion trends comes to you in sheer crepe in delightful shades of pastel-pink, pale blue, sugar-beige, navy-blue, or black, and may be had ready to wear, or cut out only for you to make up at home with full instructions included.

Style features the new wide shoulder-line, cape sleeves, and high-fitting lapels. The body is slim and close-fitting, and the skirt shows the popular slim panel cut.

Ready to Wear: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, 79/11 (17 coupons); 36, 38, and 40in. bust, 85/3 (17 coupons). Postage, 1/9½ extra.

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Don't try to hide your freckles or waste time on lemon juice or cucumbers; get an ounce of Kintho and remove them. Even the first few applications should show a wonderful improvement, some of the lighter freckles vanishing entirely.

Be sure to ask for Kintho—double strength; it is this that is sold on money-back guarantee.

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If you're feeling out of sorts, have Broken Rest, or suffer from Dizziness, Nervousness, Backache, Leg Pains, Rheumatism, Swollen Ankles, Excess Acidity, or Loss of Energy, and feel old before your time, Kidney and Bladder Weakness may be the true cause.

Wrong foods and drinks, worry, colds, or overwork may create an excess of acids and place a heavy strain on your kidneys, so that they function poorly and need help to properly refresh your blood and maintain health and energy.

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(Mr., Mrs., Miss)
ADDRESS _____

D.1.6



FOR EYE BEAUTY: June Lang (20th Century-Fox), at top-left, uses brush for training and keeping eyebrows in an alluring curve. Next to her a girl brings back youth to tired eyes with witch-hazel packs. Bottom-left: Apply mascara to top eyelashes only. Frances Gifford (MGM) puts in nourishing cream.

FOR EYE BEAUTY

By MARY ROSE, Our Beauty Expert

WORRY, late nights, insufficient sleep, wrong food, and, yes, plain neglect, detract from eye beauty. But if your mind is at ease, your diet right, and you get plenty of sleep, fresh air and exercise, plus reasonable eye care, your reward is a pair of healthy, sparkling eyes that will attract attention everywhere.

And you want that, don't you? An eye lotion should be used frequently because your eyes, just like any other part of your body, must be washed. 'Tis said that a good cry is the best remedy in the world for clearing the eyes of dust and dirt—due to the fact that tears contain some special kind of anti-septic of their own. However, you can't cry at will so all you need do is buy a reliable eye lotion from your chemist, or use a weak solution of boric acid, for bathing them.

Another soothing refresher for tired eyes is to place cotton-wool pads saturated in witch-hazel, cold tea, or boric acid lotion over them while resting.

Now comes the eye make-up. Unkempt brows are never very pretty; neither are severely plucked ones. Brush your brows into their natural line of expression with a small eyebrow brush, and then cream them gently to keep them in place. Next pluck out only the stray hairs and those that may grow across your nose. Then wipe the area you have tweezed with cotton-wool dipped in an antiseptic.

If your eyebrows are light, you may need to use an eyebrow pencil. Never draw a heavy line, just light strokes so that the result will look natural.

Now your eyelashes. Remove excess mascara from brush before applying to your lashes, and then only to the top ones. Next separate lashes with a fine comb. Be sure

that your eye make-up is not too thick and heavy.

Eye shadow should be used only at night time. After five o'clock is permissible, but not during the day. A tiny touch on the centre of each lid should be used and this smoothed until it is barely visible.

Gentle eye massage will banish those fine lines under the eyes. But note . . .

Be gentle with the fine skin under your eyes. To give you an idea of how really delicate this skin is, repeated suction of an eye-cup, used improperly, can increase the lines and puffiness of this section under your eyes. So, when you circle your eyes with eye cream, feather pat lightly beneath them, from the outer corner to the bridge of the nose.

Press lightly under the cave of the orbit bone near the bridge—here is hidden a branch of the ophthalmic nerve—then stroke the upper lid firmly outward.

Finish with a light, rotating motion over the temporal nerve just behind the outer corner of the eye.

Health hints for mothers

By SISTER MARY JACOB

MANY of you overworked mothers do not fully realise that it is in the early weeks after baby comes that a little extra thought and care should be given your health.

Some of you are apt to concentrate all your attention on your household and on your housework, on your shopping and carrying, on keeping your home spotless, and let your own health problems lag behind.

Don't neglect those constant headaches, that backache, and that "dragged feeling."

Get good medical advice and a thorough examination to find the causes of these troubles. It is a good rule for you as well as for your family to have periodic routine health examinations, so that you can always keep fit and well for your exacting job.

A leaflet giving useful health hints can be obtained from The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau, 5th Floor, Scottish Home, 19 Bridge Street, Sydney. Send a stamped, addressed envelope.



EYES OF ALLURE: Follow the simple advice given in the accompanying article and you'll enjoy starry-eyed beauty.



Accent on Health

Keep your children free from constipation and you are taking the first step towards keeping them healthy. Nyal Figen is a safe, pleasant-tasting laxative that acts gently yet thoroughly. No pain or discomfort. Kiddies like taking Figen. One-half to one tablet at bedtime will act in the morning. For adults, too, Figen is the ideal laxative. Available at all chemists—24 tablets—1/3.

Nyal Figen

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S.S.14



Elizabeth Cooke is a great believer in Kraft Cheese salads. "They cool you down," she says, "but keep energy right up during these hot days."

Kraft Cheese makes salads more exciting
... because it's

BLENDED BETTER

says

ELIZABETH COOKE

Kraft Cookery and Nutrition Expert



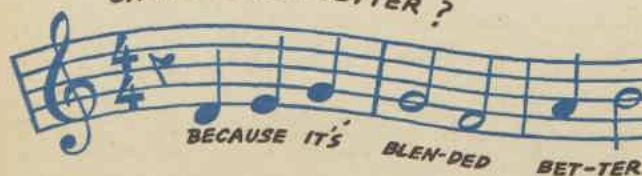
**"California Cooler"
Salad**

Just slice up some cooked new potatoes, add chopped ham and celery, Kraft Cheese (grated, shredded or cubes), a garnish of lettuce leaves and Kraft Mayonnaise... there's your delicious "California Cooler" salad. It's exciting enough to serve on special occasions; nutritious enough for regular family meals.

"Just like the finest tea—it's the blending that makes a good cheese," says Elizabeth Cooke. "Kraft take hand-picked, mature cheddars and blend the mild with the tasty to give that true cheddar flavour".

After the secret blending process, Kraft Cheese is pasteurised. This seals in the true cheddar flavour so that it never varies. Every golden slice of smooth Kraft Cheese has the same mellow, blended flavour. Always ask for Kraft Cheese—it's *blended* better... takes the guesswork out of cheese buying.

**WHY DOES KRAFT
CHEESE TASTE BETTER?**



Such a harmonious blend of flavours—



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KRAFT CHEESE

Light FOR LUNCHEONS

By **OLWEN FRANCIS**

Food and Cookery Expert to The Australian Women's Weekly

● A salad or light hot savory, fresh fruit, a milk drink—these are the wise woman's choice for her midday meal.

KEEP to a lunch-hour routine like your husband does and your children at school or at work. This is your time for relaxation, time for light, nourishing food. Try, too, a walk in the garden or round the block, well away from your work.

If you do all your own fetching and carrying you will not be looking for walks; sit with your feet up and a cushion behind your back, and enjoy your meal from a tray.

Industrial statistics prove that where adequate time is taken for luncheon, and adequate feeding facilities are available, there is less incidence of industrial fatigue, working accidents, and absenteeism. Mothers please note.

Midday is also a fine time for entertaining intimate friends. Luncheon is always a simple meal, and delightful little menus can be created for entertaining with pleasure and little expense.

CHEESE SOUFFLE

(Makes a perfect little menu, followed by an iced fruit compote and black coffee.)

One oz. butter or substitute, 1oz. flour, 1 cup milk, 1 cup finely grated cheese, 3 eggs, 1-4th teaspoon pepper, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon mixed mustard.

Melt butter, stir in flour, cooking one minute without browning. Stir in milk gradually, cooking slowly until thick and smooth. Add the cheese and the egg-yolks, beaten with the pepper, salt, and mustard. Stir in stiffly beaten egg-whites. Turn into greased oven dish (souffle dish, piedish, or casserole). Stand in pan of hot water and bake in moderate oven (350deg. F.) for 45 minutes or until delicately browned and firm to touch. Serve at once, garnished with crisp parsley sprigs.

HOT LAMB AND CUCUMBER BOATS

(Serve with crisp Melba toast and follow with fresh fruit and miniature honey wholemeal scones and iced coffee.)

Three young green cucumbers, 1 onion, 1 tablespoon fat, 1 dessertspoon flour, 1½ cups cooked minced lamb, 3 tablespoons tomato juice, pepper and salt, 1 cup hot water or stock.

Wash cucumbers, peel thinly, score with fork, cut in halves lengthwise, and remove seeds and soft part with a fork. Chop onion finely and sauté 5 minutes in hot fat. Stir in flour, lamb, and tomato juice. Season to taste and pile into cucumber boats. Place in baking dish, add hot water or stock, cover and bake in a moderate oven (375deg. F.) for 20 minutes. Serve hot, dusted with chopped parsley. For four to six.

FLUFFY CORN OMELET

(Try with water ham sandwiches and a long, cool fruit drink.)

Four eggs, 3 tablespoons water, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon pepper, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, 1 to 1½ cups cooked sweet corn, little butter or substitute.

Beat the egg-yolks until thick, beating in water, pepper, salt, and parsley. Fold in the stiffly beaten egg-whites, mixing lightly but thoroughly. Melt just enough fat in bottom of frying pan (9 inch.) or omelet pan to grease the bottom and sides of the pan. Turn the mixture into the pan and cook



over a slow heat until it is puffy and light brown underneath. Loosen edges with a round-topped knife. Slip under hot griller until top is dry and lightly browned, and mixture evenly cooked throughout. Cover with hot corn, fold in two, pressing lightly with egg slice. Slip onto a hot dish and serve at once. For two or three.

ICED CURRY

(Use a white meat, arrange on a bed of crisp salad greens, and serve with fruit chutney.)

Two cups minced cooked chicken, rabbit, veal, or lamb, 1 cup grated apple, 1 tablespoon chopped mint, 1 teaspoon finely chopped onion, 1 cup cooked rice or noodles or short-length spaghetti, 1 dessertspoon or to taste curry powder, 1 cup mayonnaise, pepper, and salt.

Mix meat, apple, mint, onion, and rice or noodles. Blend curry powder with mayonnaise and stir into the meat mixture. Season to taste. Chill and serve on a bed of crisp lettuce. Salad fruits such as iced pineapple slices or peach pair well with this curry. Garnish with small lemon wedges and parsley. For four to six.

SCALLOPED MARROW

(Light and creamy, with a crisp savory crust of grated cheese.)

Two cups cubed cooked marrow, 2 hard-boiled eggs, 1½ cups good white sauce, 1

tablespoon chopped parsley, 2 tablespoons grated cheese.

Combine marrow, quartered eggs, white sauce, and parsley. Turn into greased scallop dishes or small casserole. Top with grated cheese. Bake in moderate oven (375deg. F.) until browned on top. For three or four.

LAMBS' TONGUES CONCHITA

(Mollet and spicy meat dressed with capicum mayonnaise and served with chilled green peas and corn in lettuce cups.)

Six lambs' tongues, 1 onion stuck with 4 cloves, small bouquet of herbs (2 or 3 sprigs parsley, sage, thyme), 1 cup salad dressing, 2 tablespoons chopped red capicum, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, 1 teaspoon or less chopped onion, 1 lb. green peas, 2 young corn cobs, 1 lettuce, 2 tomatoes.

Blanch tongues in boiling water, rinse in cold water. Cover with warm water, add clove-stuck onion and herbs, and simmer gently 1½ hours. Rinse in cold water and remove skins and slice each tongue in two lengthwise. Combine salad dressing, capicum, parsley, and onion. Cook green peas, seasoning lightly with salt, sugar, and mint. Cook corn and strip from cob. Mix peas and corn, and chill. Arrange cold tongues on salad platter, with lettuce, green peas and corn, and sliced tomatoes. Dressing may be served separately or on meat.

SALAD CONCHITA of spicy lambs' tongues, capicum mayonnaise, and young green peas and juicy corn in crisp lettuce . . . fruit and iced milk also on menu.

LENTEN SALAD PLATTER

(Mixed cheese wedges, iced pears, dusted with cinnamon, red and green cabbage, finely shredded, crisp, and dressed with sharp, clear dressing.)

Two oz. Cheddar-type cheese, 2oz. Gorgonzola-type cheese, 3oz. cream cheese, 1 cup finely shredded white cabbage, 1 cup finely shredded red cabbage, 1 dessertspoon or less finely chopped onion or shallot, 2 tablespoons salad oil, 1 tablespoon vinegar or lemon juice, 1 teaspoon sugar, 1 teaspoon salt, 4 chilled pear halves, dusting of cinnamon.

Slice Cheddar and Gorgonzola cheese and roll cream cheese into balls. The cream cheese may be rolled in chopped parsley or nuts. Mix the red and white cabbage. Make a dressing by combining onion, salad oil, vinegar, sugar, and salt, and combine with the cabbage. Arrange cheese, cabbage, and pears on salad platter, dusting the pears with cinnamon just before serving. For four.

TROPICAL SALAD

(A luscious arrangement of salad fruits on lettuce, served with a sharp creamy dressing.)

One lettuce, 2 cups iced melon cubes, 2 slices chilled pineapple, 4 slices juicy orange, celery curls, 1 cup salad cream, 1 dessertspoon lemon juice, 1 tablespoon chopped mint, good pinch powdered cloves, pinch of cinnamon or powdered ginger.

Crisp lettuce, separating leaves. Chill the fruit, cut pineapple slices in halves. Combine salad cream, lemon juice, chopped mint, clove, and ginger, correcting seasoning to taste. Arrange fruit and lettuce on platter. Garnish with celery curls and serve dressing separately. For four.

FRUIT SUMMER BETTY

(A warm-weather sweet of fruit, fruit juice, and bread crumbs, lightly spiced and chilled . . . memorable when made with loganberries or raspberries.)

Two cups stewed fruit (as apple, rhubarb, loganberry), 1 cup fruit juice (sweetened during cooking of fruit), 1½ cups soft bread crumbs, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, 1 teaspoon grated orange rind.

Combine all ingredients and correct sweetening to taste with sugar or honey. Bake in a covered dish in a moderate oven (375deg. F.) for about 40 minutes. Chill. May be served hot. May be served with custard or ice-cream. For four to six.

School Luncheon Programme

THE school cafeteria has become an essential part of postwar planning.

It must be considered as a preventive measure, making clinics for the treatment of pathological conditions resulting from malnutrition unnecessary.

Extensive experiment and research in U.S.A. and England on results of school luncheon programmes show that when the programmes were closely followed students showed less afternoon fatigue, attendance records improved, and behaviour problems in general were lessened.

Statistics from school medical records show weight and growth improvements are evident in those children who regularly take advantage of school luncheon facilities.

Kindergarten and elementary school-children acquire wholesome health habits, such as washing their hands before lunch,

good posture at table, the eating with enjoyment of correctly prepared salads and vegetables.

In most experimental or established school luncheon centres the cafeteria is directed by the home economics teacher, assisted by a woman trained in nutrition, purchasing, restaurant records and cooking. In addition, kitchen assistants are employed up to six hours a day, and usually senior pupils act as checkers and cashiers, receiving payment by free meals.

Meanwhile, while the child is taking the packaged lunch to school, it is essential that this should be parcelled attractively; sandwiches should be made from wholemeal bread; cheese, egg, and nut-butter spreads are recommended, and one piece of fruit should be included. Children should be encouraged to take the fullest advantage of school milk supplies.



ENGLAND v. AUSTRALIA

Above is an impression, based on an early print, of the famous Melbourne Cricket Ground which in March 1877 was the scene of the first official Test Match between England and Australia.

According to reports, the first Test Match was a gala event, reaching a peak of interest on St. Patrick's Day, Saturday 17th March, 1877, when the ground was filled with 10,000 spectators.

Following a further Australian victory at The Oval on August 29th, 1882, the "Sporting Times" (known more familiarly as the "Pink Un") published its classic epitaph to English cricket on September 12th, 1882. Complete with black edged border, the epitaph read, "In affectionate remembrance of English cricket . . . the body will be cremated and the ashes taken to Australia." Hence was born the term "The Ashes," which has identified every series of English and Australian Test matches since that date.

Since the first Test was played, in 1877 Australia has won 57 matches, England 55, and 31 have been drawn. The last series before the war was played in England in 1938, in which Australia was successful in retaining the Ashes.

Although the fact is not recorded, it is more than probable that Swallow & Ariell biscuits were served to the teams during the customary refreshment breaks in at least the early Tests, for the famous firm of Swallow & Ariell was the pioneer biscuit bakers of Australia, and its products were as highly regarded then as they are today.

SWALLOW & ARIELL

LEADERS IN THE BISCUIT INDUSTRY SINCE 1854
MAKERS ALSO OF THE FAMOUS SWALLOW & ARIELL PLAIN PUDDING, CAKE AND ICE CREAM

True to Nature

Like the colour in a flower—Napro Hair Dyes are not only true to nature but they dye the inside of each hair. Twenty-one lovely shades at chemists, dress and beauty salons.

Napro
HAIR DYES

Coughing, Asthma, Bronchitis Curbed in 3 Minutes

Do you have attacks of Asthma or Bronchitis so bad that you can't sleep? Do you feel weak, unable to work, and have to be careful not to take cold and catch on certain foods?

No matter how long you have suffered or what you have tried, there is new hope for you in a doctor's prescription called Mendaco. No doses, no smokes, no injections, no stimulant. All you do is take two tasteless tablets at meals and in 3 minutes Mendaco starts working through your blood, aiding nature to remove phlegm, promote free easy breathing, and bring sound sleep the first night so that you soon feel years younger and stronger.

No Asthma in 2 Years

Mendaco not only brings almost immediate comfort and free breathing but builds up the system to ward off future attacks. For instance, J. Richards, Hamilton, Ont., Canada, had lost 40 lbs., suffered coughing every night, couldn't sleep. Mendaco

stopped Asthma spasms first night and he has had none since in over two years.

Money Back Guarantee

The very first dose of Mendaco goes right to work circulating through your blood and helping nature relieve you of the effects of Asthma. Try Mendaco under an iron-clad money back guarantee. You be the judge. If you don't feel fully satisfied after taking Mendaco just return the empty package and the full purchase price will be refunded. Get Mendaco from your chemist to-day and see how well you sleep to-night and how much better you will feel to-morrow. The guarantee protects you.

RELIEVES ASTHMA

Mendaco

Now in 2 sizes . . 6/- and 12/-



FOR HER health's sake, Adele Jergens (Columbia) begins her day with orange juice or grapefruit.

Five prize savory dishes

• Each one of these is a little gem. Each one would grace any menu from breakfast to supper, for everyday meal or special occasion.

READERS are reminded that this page is reserved for recipes shared by homemakers. Cash prizes are awarded weekly.

BAKED WHOLE FISH

Six small whole fish, 1 cup salad oil, 1 cup lemon juice, 1 level teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon pepper, 2 cups fried bread cubes with celery.

Have fish cleaned and trimmed, but leave whole. Cover with marinade made from salad oil, lemon juice, salt, and pepper. Prepare the stuffing by dipping small bread cubes in salad oil seasoned with garlic, 1 teaspoon to 1 cup oil, or onion, and browning in pan or oven; mix with chopped celery and season lightly. Remove fish from marinade, stuff and secure with skewers. Place in shallow baking dish, pour over a little marinade. Bake in fairly hot oven until the flesh is white, flaky and still moist, about 30 minutes. Baste once or twice with the marinade during baking.

First Prize of £1 to Miss D. Locke, "Harmony," Richmond Park, East Gordon, N.S.W.

SMOKED BARRACOUTA

One and 1/2 lbs. smoked barracouta, 3 potatoes, 2 tablespoons grated cheese, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, pepper, salt, 1 lb. peas, 3 eggs, 1 pint white sauce.

Wash the fish well in cold water, rinsing several times. Cut into service-sized portions. Place in a pan of boiling, unsalted water, and simmer gently for 10 minutes. Boil and cream the potatoes and whip into them the grated cheese and parsley. Cook the peas and poach the eggs. Serve the fish piping hot, mask d with white sauce, and topped with poached eggs, together with the creamed potatoes and peas. For three.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. P. Boniface, Cooper's Plains, Brisbane.

MOULDED SPINACH SALAD WITH STUFFED EGGS

Six stems and leaves of spinach, 2 dessertspoons gelatine, juice of 1 lemon, 1 tablespoon vinegar, 6 eggs, small piece of butter, 1 tablespoon chopped olives or other savory pickle, salt, cayenne, sweet chilli strips or parsley garnish, 2 cups potato salad.

Shred spinach finely, cook in very little water until tender. Drain off liquid, reserving for use. Chop spinach very finely; it may be rubbed through a coarse sieve. Make up the spinach stock to 2 cups with



SCALLOPED FISH with crisp salad, tossed in oil and lemon dressing. In a scalloped dish the food and sauce are in layers, the top crumbed and the whole baked until lightly browned and bubbling.

hot water in which the gelatine has been dissolved. Add vinegar and lemon juice and season further to taste. A few drops of onion juice may be added. Add the liquid to the spinach and set in a mould. Hard boil eggs, cut lengthwise and remove yolks. Cream yolks with butter, chopped pickle, a little dry mustard, and pepper and salt to taste; pile back into whites and garnish top with chilli or parsley. Turn spinach from mould on to salad platter. Surround with stuffed eggs and potato salad. Serve very cold. For four.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. C. Christie, Headland Rd., Deewhy, N.S.W.

SAVORY APRICOT SALAD

Fresh apricots, powdered ginger, chopped peanuts, mayonnaise, lettuce wedges, celery curls, grated carrot.

Chill the apricots, halve, and remove stones. Dip in mayonnaise and toss in chopped peanuts and dust lightly with powdered ginger. Choose a firm, close-leaf lettuce and cut in wedges. Pile freshly grated carrot in centre of salad dish. Arrange lettuce wedges radiating from the grated carrot. Arrange the nutty apricots and celery curls or wafer-thin slices of onion between the lettuce wedges. Assemble just before serving.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. V. J. Winterbottom, Chesterfield, Mincha, Vic.

TOASTED SANDWICHES

Eight slices of bread, sandwich thickness and stale or fresh, butter, 1 lb. cheese, salt, pepper, mixed mustard, 2 eggs, 1 cup milk, salad oil.

Make four cheese sandwiches, seasoning in making with pepper, salt, and mustard. Beat eggs with milk. Cut each sandwich in two. Dip in egg mixture, moistening each side. Fry gently in enough salad oil to cover bottom of pan, until both sides are lightly browned and cheese begins to melt. For four.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. N. Vernon, 28a The Avenue, Windsor St, Vic.



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And because they are strongest in rennet, Hansen's may be depended upon to set TWO pints of firm junket every time.

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TASTE OF FRESH FRUIT**

THAT ALL THESE GOOD THINGS COME FROM ONE BOTTLE OF MYNOR

IT'S ECONOMICAL

ONE WHOLE GALLON from just one bottle of Mynor Fruit Cup! And that's not all... MYNOR also gives you... all the goodness, all the health and the taste of fresh fruit — of the finest sun-ripened Australian Oranges, Lemons, Passion-fruit and Pineapples. All this in just one bottle of MYNOR FRUIT CUP!



IT'S EASY TO MAKE

IT'S CHILD'S PLAY... it's as simple as falling off a log... there's nothing to it. We could go on for hours, but 'twould serve no purpose when all we have to say is... to make MYNOR FRUIT CUP... You simply add the Iced Water!



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MYNOR FRUIT CUP is the family favourite drink because: It's delicious... it's health-giving and grown-ups as well as children love the taste of fresh fruit in MYNOR FRUIT CUP... Smarten up your puddings, pies and tarts with a dash of MYNOR... Add MYNOR to your fillings, icings, sauces and jellies.



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- B... where there's Vitamin B there'll be less irritability and jitters.
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FRUIT CUP

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Ingredients of the high standard which make Cutex the world's most famous nail polish are still in short supply, and the manufacturers will never depart from the use of the finest materials and the process developed after years of laboratory research.

As soon as possible, however, Cutex, the longest wearing, most economical nail polish, will be back in full supply in the complete range of fashionable shades... the choice of smart women all over the world. Meantime, use your Cutex for special occasions and safeguard it by keeping the bottle neck clean and the cap tightly screwed down.

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Shaving's no joke Believe me!



His first shave... it's a major operation... something he'll remember all his life! If he starts right—a good razor, good shaving cream, a good lather and a good shave—he'll remember that a good shave is something that's up to him. The first necessity... even before he picks up his razor... is a good shaving cream! Potter's Menthol Shaving Cream IS JUST THAT.

A Good Shaving Cream. It's The Best!

The Menthol in the cream cools his face, KEEPS IT COOL AND FRESH, AND DOES AWAY WITH ALL SORENESS AND IRRITATION. For his first shave start him using Potter's Menthol Shaving Cream, and you'll do him a lifetime service... for he'll always use it... and enjoy his shaving. And tell his Dad about Potter's Menthol Shaving Cream, too... He's never tried anything just so good... it's the newest, most wonderful discovery in Shaving Cream luxury. He never knew anything like it when he was young. It's obtainable only at your chemist's.

POTTER'S MENTHOL SHAVING CREAM

IT'S MENTHOL-COOLED

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TESTIMONY

Mr.—wrote: "Long hours at heavy work with little sleep brought on terrible headaches, and I always felt fatigued. Phyllosan tablets did me good right from the first."



CONFIRMATION (20 months later)

Mr.—wrote again: "I have continued taking Phyllosan as a preventive against nervous strain, and I have remained in the very best of health. They are marvellous."

The revitalising effect of a course of 'Phyllosan' tablets must be experienced to be appreciated. Many thousands owe renewed health and vigour to these wonderful little tablets. If you take 'Phyllosan' tablets regularly, we believe the results will astonish you.

Start taking
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helps to keep you fit after forty

'Phyllosan' tablets are obtainable of all Chemists and Stores

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From America



INTERESTING. Here you see a most attractive dining alcove in living-room of model American home which opens off a well-appointed kitchen. The smartly upholstered built-in bench unit runs the full length of window area. Built-in shelves above dining area add to corner charm. Note, too, the built-in shelves at left, housing silver, glass, and fine china; also the floral and potted plant decoration of outside window sill.

Washable hat... fresh as a daisy

● This chalk-white creation, with its fluted brim and neat little crown, is made all in one piece from a few ounces of knitting cotton.

THIS snappy little hat will offset your summer clothes to perfection, and give them that smart, fresh-as-paint look.

You may like to wear it at all of the angles illustrated below, but, if the shape of your face will not allow this, choose the one that suits you best.

By removing band and ribbon inside, it can be boiled on washing day with your other whites. It should be dried over a billy-can and the brim finger-waved into flutes again.

Materials: 3oz. (3 spoons) chalk-white knitting cotton, 1 crochet hook size 0, 1yd. ribbon 1½in. wide for band, 1yd. ribbon 2½in. wide for head lining.

Hat is made in one piece and the same stitch only is used throughout, i.e., double crochet.

Begin at centre crown by making 4 ch. and forming into a circle. Now proceed as follows:—

Make 6 d.c. into this circle, and increase in the next round thus: 1 d.c. into first st., then 2 d.c. into next st. Continue like this for the complete round. Do 6 rounds without inc. then inc. as before. Keep working like this until the crown of the hat measures 6in. across, then do not inc. any more, but continue to work round and round as before for 24 more rounds.

Now commence brim of hat thus: 2 d.c. into every st., i.e., doubling the number of stitches in the round. Do 18 rounds and finish off.

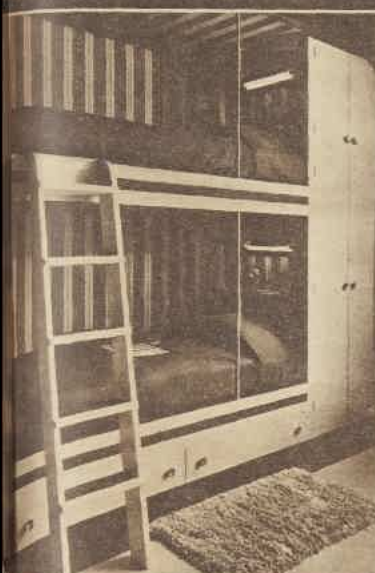
To crochet band for back make 11 ch., turn, 1 d.c. into 10 st. of ch., 1 ch., turn, 1 d.c. into 10 d.c. Continue in this way until work measures required length.

To stiffen hat, dip in raw starch and dry over bottom of a billy-can to keep crown in shape. Sew the white ribbon inside the hat with a tacking stitch, and put band on.



MAKE IT AND WEAR IT.—Here's the cute little hat in crochet worn at three angles: Set on the back of head as shown above, it makes a very pretty picture. Note how well it frames the face. At left, straight, it gives the effect of an old-time "boater." At top left: The forward tilt.

BUILT-IN FEATURES



SPACE-SAVING. The double bunks, shown above, is an ancient device for increasing sleeping accommodation without adding rooms; very popular to-day in America.

MODERN TOUCH. Wireless unit in living-room (right) has a high built-in speaker with record player below under fold-up lid.



PROVOCATIVE. "Bringing the outdoors in" becomes a reality when provision for actual planting within the building is made an integral part of the design. In this case a whole window is given over to a miniature garden. Planting pockets as built-in features of a home are becoming quite the craze in America. In some instances, provision is made for tubbed plants. These are set into the floor with concrete. Proper drainage is allowed for. These permanent features add greatly to the decorative charm of a home.



"Fast? Why not!..it never leaves dirt-catching scratches!"

Scratchy cleansers slow you down—because every tiny scratch holds dirt—and that means extra scrubbing. Bon Ami is different! It's smooth and fine, doesn't scratch, yet it removes grease like magic. Polishes, too—leave a shiny-satin finish you'll be proud of. And Bon Ami is a true friend to lovely hands. Save time safely—with speedy Bon Ami!

P. 5. Bon Ami comes in both Cake and Powder form.



Bon Ami

THE SPEEDY CLEANSER that "hasn't scratched yet!"



WHAT'S COOKING?

ALL DINNERS NEED Gravox RICH BROWN GRAVY

My husband — with another woman!

Now don't upset yourself! Olga, there must be some explanation.

Look! See it was only our fashion buyer, it Olga must know. As for working at night, well... there's no inducement in my home. Olga's changed.

Works apart only must Olga—and you could win him away from it. You always used Lifebuoy before you were married—remember?

'BO'... how awful! I'm playing safe after this and using Lifebuoy with its special health ingredient. I don't know why I ever changed!

Quite like old times, eh Olga? My wife's the smartest and sweetest girl in the room!

THE ONE SOAP SPECIALLY MADE TO STOP "B.O."

Writing Desk

For the man who must "take work home"; for the wife with letters to write, and for young junior at his studies, Masonite has designed this up-to-the-minute desk. It's constructed of Masonite Presdwood finished in clear lacquer, wax or in any colour to suit the room. A hinged cover keeps the desk tidy-looking—even when it isn't!



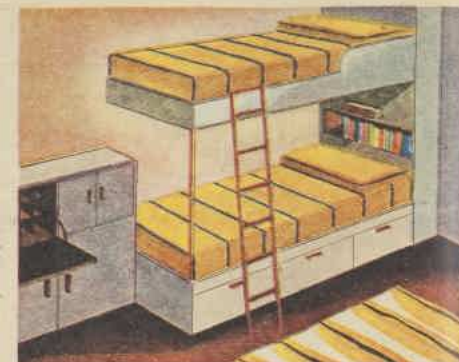
Fire Surround with Wood & Coal Cupboard

A "pull-out" hinged container looks after your coal or coke. The compartment at the top is for kindling and split wood. No more hikes to the coal heap when you should be peacefully "crossing your toes." The fuel is there as you want it... but it doesn't intrude. With the exception of the coal and coke container, the whole is constructed of Masonite.



Built-in Bunks, Cupboards, Homework Desk

As an interesting and sensible solution to problems created when children must share a room, Masonite suggests these attractive built-in bunks. Easy to build if you use Masonite. Strong and rigid. The homework desk with its handy cupboards gives the practical finishing touch.

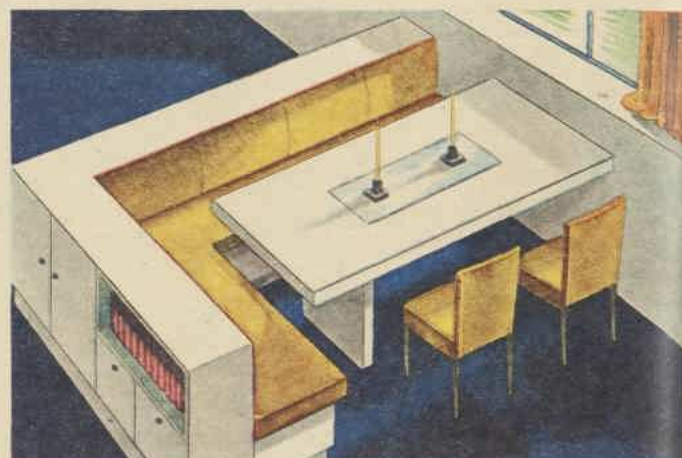


6 Ways Masonite can help make your home more "livable"



Double-sided Storage Wall

Still another variation of the famous Masonite Storage Wall... this time with sliding doors. It is built of 3/16" Masonite Presdwood — shelves and all. You finish it in any desired colour. Even the radio is in-built. A great space-saver with infinite possibilities.



Built-in Dining Area with Bookshelves & Storage Cupboards

Another excellent space-saver for your new home or for an additional room in your present place. In an existing home where a dining room is provided, Masonite suggests that you build a dining area in the living room. Masonite makes the job both easy and inexpensive.



Ironing and Sewing Centre

A Masonite idea which will make you actually like ironing and sewing. It's an attractive neat and business-like work-centre at which both jobs can be done with a minimum of fatigue. As the illustration shows, both ironing boards are hinged to fold into the table tops.

Manufactured by: MASONITE CORPORATION (AUST.) LTD., Northern Sales Division, 369 Pitt St., Sydney; Southern Sales Division, 529 Collins St., Melbourne

Masonite is the perfect medium for the expression of space-saving, home-beautifying ingenuity. Easily worked with ordinary tools, "finishable" in any colour scheme, fabricated in just the right thicknesses for the job in hand, these steel-strong, satin-smooth all-wood boards solve every interior building problem.

Priority demands for Masonite still make it difficult to obtain, but your personal requirements will be met as speedily as possible. Meanwhile, plan in Masonite. It is literally "the wonder board of 1,000 uses."

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cum Jelly. For minor burns
cover fine mesh gauze with
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and place on burned area
and bandage firmly.



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mothers have used
Curlypet to curl and
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hair like this mother,
who says: "You can see
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baby's hair was quite straight at 2
months, but now she has a head of
lovely soft, silky curls that everyone
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baby's hair to grow beautifully curly,
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CURLYPET

Tired Kidneys Often Bring Sleepless Nights

Doctors say your kidneys contain 15 miles
of tiny tubes or filters which help to purify
the blood and keep you healthy. When
they get tired and don't work right in the
daytime, many people have disturbed
nights. Frequent urination, kidney action
sometimes shows there is something wrong
with your kidneys or bladder. Don't neglect
this condition and lose valuable rest-
less sleep.

When function of kidney is impaired, it
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It may also cause nagging backache, rheu-
matic pains, leg pains, loss of pep and
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Don't delay! Ask your chemist or store
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from your blood. Get Doan's Backache
Kidney Pills.



HERE THEY ARE, the babes in the wood of story-tale fame. The little
girl's skirt is red, bow on hair green; boy has red trousers, green tie;
both have matching green shoes and white jerseys.

To delight little people . . . BABES IN THE WOOD: THEM!

• Even if you've never
attempted toys before
you'll easily make these
cute "babies" from scraps.

HERE are the easy-
to-follow directions.
To make the head,
use shiny surface
of old pink underwear
as wrong side, cut out a circle,
using a plate 7½ in. in diameter
as guide. Run a thread round
this and enclose in it a "snow-
ball" of cotton-wool about
the size of a small apple.
Draw up thread and fasten
off firmly.

For body cut a rectangle of under-
wear 5½ in. by 7½ in.; fold 7½ in. side
to form a rectangle 5½ in. by 3½ in.
Machine one long and one short
side of this, leaving one short side
undone for stuffing. Roll a piece of
cotton-wool large enough to fill all
but ½ in. at top, which turn in and
oversew.

For neck, cut a strip 1½ in. deep and
about 5½ in. long. Pin this round a
filled Sylko reel, to measure width
of neck. Slide off Sylko reel and
machine. Press Sylko reel on to
centre of oversewn top of body and
draw around with pencil, to mark
position of neck.

How to attach the neck

THEN slip-stitch neck on to pen-
cil line, with seam at centre
back. A small roll of cotton-wool
1½ in. deep by diameter of Sylko
reel fills the neck. Press this down
until it is ½ in. to 1 in. high and very
firm. Gather up top edge of neck
and fasten off.

Now press head firmly against
neck, keeping head's gathered edge
at back, where hair will cover it.
Slip-stitch head on to neck, making
sure that this is about 1½ in. at front
and lower at back. This means that
the face is at an angle looking up.

Legs are two rectangles of fabric,
cut on the bias, 5½ in. by 6½ in. Fold
each lengthwise and machine 6½ in.
side; run machining off in a curve
towards fold at finish. Arms are the
same, but they each measure 4½ in.
long and 3½ in. wide before folding.

Stuff arms and legs and over-
sew tops, turning in edges with
seam at back. Oversew legs on to
body, with seam at back. Sew on
arms with seam at underarm.

Note.—These dolls were designed
for bias-cut satin, but if other fabric
cut straight on the grain is used,
make legs 4½ in. by 3½ in. and arms
4½ in. by 3½ in. Turnings are inclusive
and should be ½ in. wide. If stock-
ette stretches more in one direc-

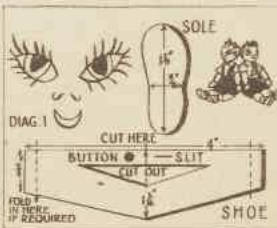


DIAGRAM to aid you in making.
Eyes, nose, mouth have been re-
duced to about a fourth of the
original size of each toy.

tion, use that for width of limbs
and body.

Both faces.—Lay a sheet of stiff
white paper under pattern of eye
given in diagram 1. Pencil around
outline for impression of pattern.
To make eyes, cut two whites and
gum on to face half-way down head,
and one eye's-width apart.

Similarly, cut out irises from blue
material and gum on to eye whites.
Press with warm iron. With pen
and black ink, mark in pupils of
eyes, lashes and nostrils. For mouth
cut out small curved piece of red
material and gum on to face.

Hair for Boy.—Cut a 5½ in. circle
of thin silver leather (or chambray),
sew round head and arrange a dart
at parting. A small piece of leather
sewn on forehead and clipped sug-
gests strands of hair. Ears are
penny-size circles of pink fabric
gathered and sewn into slits in hair
on a level with eyes.

Hair for Girl.—As above, but
make circle size of a saucer; turn
back and overcast on to head, so
that a "brim" of leather is left all
round. Clip this into scallops and
clip each of these spirally to form
curls. Tack these back and finish
with bow.

Dressing the dolls

JERSEYS for both dolls are made
from tops of old tennis socks,
with short sleeves added. Trousers
are made from a rectangle of fab-
ric folded round the doll. Cut a
slit between the legs and oversew
edges. Give boy a ½ in. wide ribbon
tie.

For a kilt, iron into pleats a
straight strip of fabric, wrap round
the girl doll for measure; then
machine on to a strip of ribbon. Add
straps of ribbon and fasten with
press stud.

Socks, made from the foot of old
tennis socks, are cut the same shape
as legs, but only half as long. Cut
shown as in pattern; oversew on
wrong side and turn. Cut paper
pattern first and wrap round legs
for size. A slit in the straps and a
button on each make fastenings.
Dab powder rouge on cheeks.

NERVY, RUNDOWN

MEN, WOMEN & CHILDREN



Extra minerals in BIDOMAK
will build you up. Make this
14 day, no-risk test, and see
how quickly you regain health,
good spirits and feel on top
of the world again.

A husband who is irritable and
can't concentrate on his work
and has no energy for enjoyment
a wife who has sleep-
less nights, and finds the house-
work getting her down a
youngster who is nervous, lacks
vigour, and just picks at his food
these people are really half-sick.
But they don't realise it. They
need the rich, red blood cells and
extra minerals that BIDOMAK
will give them. BIDOMAK is
guaranteed to do this in 14 days,
or costs nothing . . . and here's
the reason.

BLOOD STARVED FOR MINERALS

Such disorders are often caused by
the impoverished blood stream,
starved for minerals. Your blood
stream, as you know, is one of
your most important organs. It
brings nourishment and life-giving
oxygen to the tissues, and con-
tains chemical substances vitally
essential to every organ, cell, nerve,
bone, and tissue in your body.

MINERAL STARVATION MAY CAUSE MANY DISORDERS

A mineral deficiency in the blood
stream is a basic cause of many
disorders including that group of dis-
orders which we call "nervous
troubles". Weakness, lassitude,
irritability, "depressed
feeling", brain fog, inability to
concentrate, some common forms of
headache, and stomach troubles.

NATURAL WAY TO HEALTH
When you get enough of these
minerals the results of mineral de-

ficiency disappear, and you regain
health as a natural consequence.
The mineral with the richest
BIDOMAK combined in it the
glycerophosphates and phosphates
of iron, calcium, sodium, and
potassium. Then he added Cata-
lytic Copper and manganese salts
is an approved form. These addi-
tional minerals speed up the
activity of the others and make
them easier still to assimilate.

QUICK IMPROVEMENT

If you are suffering from mineral
deficiency, BIDOMAK thus makes
you feel fitter and brighter quickly.
Aches and pains leave you. Work
is no longer a burden—play is fun.
You lose that "tight" feeling at
the back of the neck. You no
longer feel depressed and irritable.
Sleep comes naturally, and you
wake refreshed. Instead of
"screwed-up" mentally and tired
physically. The whole system is
braced up—at a natural result of
rejuvenated nerves and arteries re-
charged with new, rich, red blood
cells.

NO RISK TEST

Try pleasant-to-taste, BIDOMAK
for 14 days—if you do not feel
stronger, and show a general al-
round improvement in your health,
the trial is absolutely free, and
your money is refunded on return
of the nearly empty bottle within
14 days of purchase to the
Douglas Drug Co.,
Goulburn Street,
Sydney. Get guar-
anteed BIDOMAK
to-day.

THE TONIC OF THE CENTURY.

Bidomak

FOR NERVES, BRAIN, AND THAT "DEPRESSED" FEELING.



CATARRH WAS GETTING HER DOWN



By attacking the cause—the Catarrhal germs in the blood stream—
"Vaxos" unlike other medicines gets to the seat of the trouble. It
not only brings quick relief but builds up immunity for up to two
years from Catarrh, Influenza, Hay Fever, Chronic Colds, Bronchitis,
Asthma, Antrum and Sinus troubles. Don't suffer needlessly.

Obtain "Vaxos" from your
Chemist to-day. Large size
(24 c.c.'s), six weeks' treat-
ment for chronic cases. 21/-.
Medium size (15 c.c.'s),
three weeks' treatment for
acute cases, 12/6.

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ORAL VACCINE**

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Nothing could give him more healthful pleasure than a sparkling new Malvern Star, **GUARANTEED FOREVER.** Make sure of early delivery by calling in and placing your order today at any Malvern Star Branch or Agency throughout Australia.

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Malvern Star

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